THE LIVING AGE.

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"GINGER."

When dusk comes slowly and tenderly,
Creeping up, vaporlike, out of the waters,
Softening, blessing, transforming,
The giant factories,
The wharves, and engine houses,
Gasometers and chimneystacks
Put on a dignity and beauty magical,
And Silvertown
(By grace of God) is really Silver Town.

There in the poignant peace I see you stand,
As once I saw, facing the dim waters,
A strange, vague figure—one with the warm darkness,
Indolent, hesitant—
A little picturesque in roomy rags,
Palefaced, redlipped—half smiling and half sad,
A boy too many in the working world.
Pathos, audacity
Met in the tilt of your red-crested brow.

The tide had beached you in my hungry heart,
The Tide of God, beside that other tide
That we both loved—I with a dreamer's love,
You with a dumb desire.
You gave me love with both your nervous hands,
With the pale eyes that watched me by my hearth,
With the poor, piteous notes from prison and home
And yet your heart retained
Secret allegiance that you gave me not.

I could not hold you at the ultimate hour.
There was a spirit in you that was kin
To all the wild things in a half-tamed world;
The irresistible
Impact and rush of the dark waters' flood
That swirled and eddied round your wharves at home,
The screaming gulls—the torturing, vagrant winds
That swept your naked streets,
The streets that were at once your shame and joy.

You left me—at the first touch of restraint,
You visioned dreary rounds of obligation.
Clothes "to keep nice"—to join the dismal stream
Of the beaten and tamed.
The flaring streets were calling to your heart,
The lights, the laughter—and the liberty.
The tide that brought you to me bore you hence,
Reluctant yet resolved.
The river and the streets had claimed their own.

And when the waters sing in the summer's peace,
When the crop of yellow flowers spring out of the mist,
I see your eyes defiant, affectionate,
And know no man shall tame
That proud, shy spirit but the Man of Griefs,
Of Joys and Agonies—of Wanderings,
Of Nakedness, and Homelessness,—of Shames,
Rejections, Mockings, Blows.
No heart shall tame you but His Fiery Heart.

C. W. Hutchinson.

The British Review.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

The North bends o'er the South
His frosty mouth.
Within each other's eyes
A vision of far skies.
"All, all my snowy monuments I give to thee
For one full hour of thy rich Italy."
"Take all the vines and sunshine I love best
For one rapt instant on thy rugged breast."

Edward Storer.

MODERN FEMINISM AND SEX ANTAGONISM.*

In a lucid little introduction to Ellen Key's latest book, Mr. Havelock Ellis, after tracing the broad lines on which the Woman's Movement has developed, suggests that it is now entering a critical period. This view is evidently shared by most of the writers on modern feminism, including some who are not likely to exaggerate the symptoms. The avowed feminist and the declared anti-feminist are both, of course, concerned to show that society is in a parlous state, either for want of, or because of, some readjustment of social relations on feminist lines which one desires and the other deprecates. We are too much accustomed to writers whose obvious desire is to "make our flesh creep," to pay much attention to jeremiads from either camp; and indeed the vast majority of men and women are sunk in too deep a sense of personal security to be capable of any very keen anxiety as to the future. The more thoughtful, however, and even some who are not usually thoughtful, have been shaken from indifference by recent developments of feminism. The suffrage campaign is only (on the surface) a by-product of feminism, and militancy is (on the surface) merely a by-product of suffragism; but evolution from feminism to suffragism and from suffragism to militancy is too fundamental to permit that the last phase should be treated as a sporadic outburst.

The average man was not aware of feminism until the persistent advertising methods of the militant suffragette focussed attention on the woman movement. Now he is uncomfortably conscious of something stirring in the other sex which makes for change—exactly what kind of change neither sex seems to know; but it is certain that, in the words of Mr. Heape, "man's opinion of woman has been definitely modified; his attitude towards her as an integral component of society can never be the same again." On the other hand, woman's attitude to man has suffered (in certain classes of society) a no less definite modification; and the result is a somewhat acute phase in the long conflict of the sexes.

Few writers on feminism appear to realize that social evolution must have its roots in natural law, and even when they do, they are apt, like Mrs. C. P. Gilman, to ignore certain facts and pervert others in an almost grotesque fashion. Mr. Walter Heape, who treats the subject of sex relations from a biological standpoint, does not get much further than a statement of the elements of the problem. He is a biologist and not a sociologist. His diagnosis of the condition of unrest which, to-day, permeates all civilized society is nevertheless particularly clear. He traces it to three sources, racial, class and sex antagonism; and he believes the last to be by far the most dangerous, since it is practically family war, and family quarrels are proverbially the most bitter. He agrees with Mr. Havelock Ellis that the movement is entering on a new and critical phase—a conclusion

*"The Woman Movement." By Ellen Key. Translated by M. B. Borthwick. London: Putnam, 1912.
[2]"Woman and Labor." By Olive Schreiner. London: Unwin, 1911.
[3]"Woman and Economics." By C. P. Gilman. London: Putnam, 1908.
[4]"Woman and To-morrow." By W. L. George. London: Jenkins, 1913.
[5]"The Nature of Woman." By J. L. Tayler. London: Fifield, 1912.
[6]"John and Irene." By W. H. Beveridge. London: Longmans, 1912.
[7]"Sex Antagonism." By Walter Heape. London: Constable, 1913.
[8]"Woman in Modern Society." By Earl Barnes. London: Cassels, 1912.
[9]"A Survey of the Woman Problem." By Rosa Mayreder. Translated by H. Scheffauer. London: Heinemann, 1913.

which few students of feminism will doubt, having in view not only the excesses of a section of women and the change of attitude in both sexes, but the general anarchic trend of feminist literature and the wide extension of doctrines calculated to foster sex-antagonism among the very class which is destined to provide the teachers and models of the next generation.

It is a corrective to the somewhat gloomy perspective opened out by feminist literature to turn to Mr. Beveridge's "John and Irene." When one is obsessed by the apparently new and insoluble problems presented, one can find infinite consolation in this anthology of thoughts on woman. By quotations which range from Hesiod, the prophet Esdras and the Laws of Manu down to Miss Cicely Hamilton and the report of the Registrar-General for 1910, Mr. Beveridge nearly convinces us that there is no new woman, nor new woman's movement, nor any thing new to be said about woman and her movement. At the same time, in the allegory which is the prelude to the anthology, Mr. Beveridge sounds one uncertain note; and it is to the implied question that one returns.

The allegory sets forth how John, a convinced and ardent feminist, fell in love with Irene, whose wise and careful upbringing had preserved her, hitherto, from serious thought about anything. With the imprudence of the reformer who can never let well alone, John

"began to educate her about Woman's cause. . . . She became filled with the delight of reasoning and understanding; she seized on and held her first conclusions with the dogmatism of the undergraduate, and was prepared to sacrifice everything to philosophy. John, on the other hand . . . . was a perfectly normal person desiring to govern his own life in normal ways."

The exact nature of their disagreement is not revealed, but it culminated in the incineration, by John, of a volume believed to be the work of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

"They parted in anger that afternoon and would not meet again. Irene . . . stepping into John's place in the (feminist) ranks, has bought the feminist library which he has sold, and John, who cannot dance, has again been seen at dances. . . . So the story ends for the present on a note of hope renewed."

The note is an uncertain one. John, it is true, will get himself a wife, a hearth, domestic joys, and live the normal life of the normal man. He will accept meekly, nay blindly, the yoke of his normal spouse. He will accept his share of the burden of carrying on the world's work on what he believes to be his own terms.[1] That they are not really his own may never occur to him, so long as his manhood is at once satisfied and exercised by his family relations. But what of Irene? Is she to be permanently contented with a feminist library and a cause?

Feminism, like socialism, is difficult to confine within the boundaries of a formula. Mr. W. L. George in "Woman and To-morrow" has done what is possible in this direction. Feminism, he says, is, broadly, the furthering of the interests of woman, philosophically the levelling of the sexes, and specifically the social and political emancipation of woman. Broadly, therefore, many writers, such as Ruskin, or Dr. J. L. Tayler, are feminists, though they accept neither the philosophy nor its specific application; while a large number of writers with a feminist bias, from Montaigne

[1] "Women have obtained their places in the world because they are desired by men on grounds which are not of the highest ethical quality; but these are the only grounds on which men will consent to...carrying on the burden of a society, about whose invention they were not consulted." ("Essays in Fallacy," Dr. Macphail, p. 96.)

to Mazzini, might have accepted the philosophy but would probably have hesitated over the specific application of their theories. The modern feminist, particularly the female feminist, is distinguished by her attempt to reduce these theories and generalities to everyday practice.[2] In pursuit of this aim she may, like Irene, be forced to break off relations with the other sex, she may view the privileges of her sex as badges of degradation, and she may, in the pursuit of spiritual and political emancipation, find it necessary to place herself on the level of male criminals Not having troubled much over the inductive processes by which her conclusions were reached, Irene—that is Woman—conceives of them as something final and incontrovertible. John, who had been brought up by a managing mother and exacting sisters, theorizes with some self-complacency ("it rather pleased him to think of himself as an hereditary grand oppressor") on the equality of the sexes. Irene, with the practical, concrete vision of her sex, asks for its definite expression in the shape of a reformed marriage service, "economic independence," or a new conception of sexual relations. The keynote to these new relations is to be found in the word "individualism." The weekly newspaper, now a bi-weekly, which holds the fort of advanced feminism in England, declares itself to be "the only journal of recognized standing expounding a doctrine of philosophic individualism." The German feminist, Rosa Mayreder, speaks of progressive persons as those who live their lives in freedom "undisturbed by the opinion or conduct of the society to which they belong." The woman movement is to her "the battle for the rights of an unfettered personality." Woman, says the Swedish feminist, Ellen Key,[3] has suddenly discovered that instead of moving forward, as heretofore, only in and with the general progress, she can increase her own motion by self-assertion. "To-day young girls live to apply the principle of the woman movement—individualism."

These words are significant when we remember the reiterated feminist claim that women must be free to "live their own lives," to "develop their personality," instead of being merged in the family and regarded only as a part of it. Among arguments brought forward in favor of woman's possible independence are some culled from natural history. The "domestic slave" or "servant wife" or "female parasite" is reminded of the high estate of her sex in geological ages when "puny, pygmy, parasitic males struggled for existence, and were used or not, as it happened, like a half-tried patent medicine." Or she is told to find comfort in the female cirriped, who carried a few extra husbands in her scales "lest she should lose one or two," and in the ferocious spider, who uses her hapless little mate "to coldly furnish forth a marriage breakfast" (*sic*).[4] She may even find satisfaction in the theories of some biologists who believe that life began with and was carried for some distance by the female organism;[5] or that the "male element . . . on its initial appearance was primarily an excrescence, a superfluity, a waste product of nature . . . strictly speaking, man is undeveloped woman."[6] To an average person it may appear extraordinary that feminists should feel obliged

[2] "These qualities of mind naturally drive women to literary interests which are concrete, personal and emotional. Men turn more easily . . . to the abstract generalizations of science." (Earl Barnes, "Woman in Modern Society.")

[3] Ellen Key, "The Woman Movement," p. 97.

[4] C. P. Gilman, "Woman and Economics."

[5] Lester Ward, "Pure Sociology."

[6] F. Swiney, "Awakening of Women," p. 19.

to grope so far back, or go to such lengths in order to give a woman "a guid conceit o' hersel'."

There is another line of attack which seems equally inconclusive. A favorite argument for those who feel it necessary to explain woman's comparatively few achievements in the world of art and science is to assert that her mentality has been suppressed by man—that she has had neither education nor opportunity. As some of the greatest work done by men has been accomplished in the teeth of exactly these difficulties, the argument does not carry us far, but there is really no agreement among feminists on this point. Olive Schreiner, for instance, asks nothing better than that women should regain the status enjoyed by their Teutonic fore-mothers of twenty centuries ago. In "The Subjection of Woman" J. S. Mill asserts confidently that from the days of Hypatia to the Reformation, with the possible exception of Heloisa, women "did not concern themselves with speculation at all"—an amazing generalization which colors his whole conclusions. Prof. Barnes also suffers from the delusion that female "education" began about 1850; but Ellen Key is quite prepared to allow that

"numbers of women had appeared who, in classic culture, in the practice of learned professions, in political, religious, intellectual or æsthetic pursuits stood beside the men of Humanism, the Renaissance or the Reformation."[1]

In short, the biological and historical sketches with which many feminists preface their philosophy cannot be taken very seriously. They have been made to illustrate theories rather than to assist in forming them. Even Dr. J. L. Tayler, whose sane and sober little book has an air of reality lacking in most feminist literature, is inclined to build up his conclusions on biological premises which are, to say the least, controversial. Also, at the crucial point in the development of his argument, he introduces an altogether empirical value—his conception of the meaning of "bloom" as applied to women. It is true he does not define "bloom" too closely, but he certainly leaves the impression that it connotes a surface quality of innocence, purity or modesty, and as our standards of these are matters of geography and social custom, varying with class, latitude or period, it is difficult to follow him. The fruit analogy, so dear to sentimentalists of last century, is, in fact, hardly worthy of a place in a serious book on the woman problem. What we are concerned with is the soundness and ripeness of the fruit—its perfection of maturity—without which "bloom" is deceptive and useless. Nevertheless there are many wise things in Dr. Tayler's book; his chapter on female education is specially valuable and suggestive, and he has done a real service to the student of feminine psychology in reprinting part of a powerful essay by W. C. Roscoe, first published in the "National Review" for October 1858.

The first concentration of feminist efforts on a practical basis is found in the struggle which opened for women the door to higher education and levelled up the teaching of girls and boys. Sixty years ago, when the fight was beginning, there was an exaggerated belief in the value of book-learning, not only among women but among those who looked forward to an "educated democracy." Hitherto book-learning had been confined to a small minority of the nation; and among these the line between the sexes had gradually become markedly favorable to men. Colleges, schools and endowments, originally intended for both

[1] In "Six Mediæval Women" Mrs. Kemp Welch shows that culture in the Middle Ages was more easy of acquisition by women than by men.

sexes, were restricted to one; and women specialized more and more in those arts and crafts which had their centre in the home. Nevertheless the women of the upper classes certainly acquired somehow a culture which made them quite as interesting and interested as any college-bred girl of to-day. Read the letters, not even of the brilliant French women of the 18th century salons, but of the country-bred English women of the late 18th and early 19th centuries—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Frances Lady Shelley, Lady Elizabeth Coke, Lady Sarah Spencer Lyttleton, Lady Dorothy Nevill—not "blue-stockings," but ordinary society women, and you will find in them not only a keen appreciation of the events of their own time, but a humorous judgment and a critical faculty applied to books, music, and the conversation of their friends. How many a young society lady of to-day, writing lively and entertaining letters to a midshipman brother, would recommend for his reading Sully's "Memories," or quote Madame de Staël? When we are estimating the gains and losses from the point of view of feminine advancement of the last half-century, we may well ask ourselves whether, among the hosts of clever women-writers of to-day, there are any names worthy to be placed beside those of Jane Austen, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Gaskell; and yet these are all middle-class women of a period which is supposed to have seen a complete eclipse in female education.[8]

At the same time it is only fair to suppose that, while talent, character and genius may have triumphed over an environment not specially favorable, the latter was certainly a hard and stony ground for less sturdy seeds. Especially in the middle class, which was growing to wealth and power during the first half of the 19th century, the social conditions placed women at a disadvantage. Boys had to make their way in the world without the help of those family influences which could be safely relied on in the upper classes; hence money spent on their equipment was regarded as a good investment. The same argument did not apply to girls, who, educated or not, would generally marry, or, if they remained single, would still be a charge on the menfolk. The increased dependence, uselessness, and luxury of this class of women was an important factor in the early days of the woman movement, and still constitutes a serious social problem—not to be met by turning out girls to do men's and boys' work in an inferior manner. Feminism therefore concentrated on that education which was believed to be the *open-sesame* to all kinds of new worlds for women as for men.

Amid a great deal of futile talk about the relative intellectual capacity of men and women, the battle of higher education was fought and won; but the argument which prevailed with the British paterfamilias was not the favorite contention that the educated woman would be a better mother and more the companion and equal of her husband. The pioneers of female education in this country, and English women in general, are apt to have an exaggerated idea of man's desire and capacity for intellectual companionship while they consistently underestimate his needs in other respects. The British husband and father accepted the task of educating his daughters very nearly, if not quite,

[8] De Quincey, writing in 1840 ("Essay on Style"), and Macaulay, in his History published in 1848, declare that the educated women of their day speak and write "purer and more graceful English" than is elsewhere to be found. (See "John and Irene," p. 165.) Can this be said of the high school and college-bred women of to-day?

as expensively as his sons, because economic pressure and the growing standard of feminine expenditure convinced him that his girls might have to work for their living. Domestic labor being still cheap and academic honors believed to be the passport to well-paid work, he felt he was doing the best thing for his girls, and they accepted the situation most conscientiously. School and college days—for the average girl—became not so much periods of mental and moral growth, as short and strenuous years in which the largest possible number of unrelated facts must be earnestly assimilated. A few women have taken high academic honors, to the great jubilation of those who desire to prove that "there is no sex in brain—you might as well talk about a female liver,"[9] but serious doubts prevail, even in academic circles, as to the real value of the education for which so much is sacrificed.

At the present time, with the spread of high-schools and colleges taught by college-bred women all over the land, middle-class female education has been levelled up, very nearly, to male standards, with the important exception that the real educational value to boys of school and college life (which is not essentially connected with the amount of book-learning they absorb) is very largely absent from girls' schools. Prof. Barnes, after sixteen years' close association with co-education in the United States, makes some useful observations on the tendencies and effects of some three generations of education for women. He notes that no attempt has been made to evolve a distinctive type of education. With us, and in some American colleges, the women's part is merely an annexe to an old foundation; while in others, as in our newer universities, although men and women are admitted on the same footing, the courses have been framed to meet the needs of the male sex. It is true that "domestic science" is now recognized by one or two of our newer universities as a regular subject, but it is still an excrescence, an alternative, to be adopted for commercial reasons, rather than an essential feature in feminine education. Everywhere, in the United States as in England, the pioneers of female education seem to have aimed at approximating as closely as possible to male ideals, and this is the more to be regretted, says Prof. Barnes, since some women's colleges in America had unique opportunities for setting up their own standard.

The result in the United States, where co-education and the swamping of the teaching profession by women have made feminine influence paramount in the educational world, is not, so far, a stringing-up of the female to the male pitch, but a tendency to bring all education, and even journalism and literature, to a feminine level. "Feminization means emphasis on languages, literature, and history, as opposed to mathematics, chemistry and civics"; a concentration on the practical and material as compared with the theoretic and speculative. Moreover, the egoistic, personal, and emotional note in journalism and fiction, though not to be attributed solely to woman's influence, certainly owes a great deal to it. Finally Prof. Barnes declares, "Our present elementary schools, and still more our high-schools, lead girls neither to intelligent work nor to intelligent living as women."

This indictment must be read in the light of the fact that Prof. Barnes is an avowed feminist, in favor of woman suffrage and the "equality of the sexes." Obviously he ought to be

[9] C. P. Gilman, "Woman and Economics."

on the side of Herbert Spencer, who held "the minds of women to be unlike [those of men] both quantitatively and qualitatively. I believe" (he said) "the difference to result from a physiological necessity, and that no amount of culture can obliterate it." The American writer, however, adopts only the first half of the hypothesis. Having demonstrated the persistent nature of feminine characteristics, and shown that so far from being masculinized by education, education is feminized by them, he is still prepared to allow that the difference in male and female mentality "might have been produced by environment and ideals, and may hence give way to education." Without attempting to dogmatize on the vexed question of sex, it may be stated that both maleness and femaleness are inherited by each individual, the dominance of the one over the other determining the sex. Masculine qualities are not uncommon in women, nor feminine ones in men, but on what biological grounds is it assumed that the best type of female must approximate most closely to the male? And why should it be taken for granted that the world has no use for the characteristically feminine mentality? It is not a question of inferiority and superiority, but of difference in kind and function. There is no more startling evidence that modern women have got out of touch with reality than the low opinion some of them profess to entertain of their own natural functions, qualities, and place in society. The writer has heard a very clever and thoughtful woman regret that, although she had found great happiness in marriage and maternity, her engagement had cut short a promising academic career which might have opened out to original work. "After all," she said, "anyone can have children!" At a famous high-school, some years ago, the news of the early marriage of a favorite old pupil was met with the comment, "What a waste!" To Rosa Mayreder maternity is merely woman's handicap in the march of progress. Curiously enough, the subtlety of the feminine mind is able to find something meritorious in the performance of these lowly duties, so that she who submits to them is sometimes considered to be heroically sacrificing her higher possibilities on the altar of the family. We shall see presently to what conclusion this habit of mind leads in the studies of an advanced feminist.

The prominence and admiration gained in public spheres nowadays by the child-free woman have created a spurious standard; and many women who would otherwise have been contented with their natural functions are utterly demoralized by the glare and glitter of the careers of their "free and independent" sisters. Three factors keep the truth from coming out. First, the novelty of these careers has still glamor enough to blind those who follow them; secondly, they are too proud to confess, if they feel the emptiness of life; and thirdly, if Miss Cicely Hamilton is to be believed, we are really witnessing the development of a neuter sex, to which these women may belong. The "efficiency" of such women is the subject of panegyrics by their own sex. In any case, the average house-keeping, motherly type of woman is now inclined to under-value her own work and sphere, and to believe that her brilliant unmarried or childless sister, who writes or speaks or does political, professional, or social work, is more useful, is having a "fuller life," than the mere wife and mother. It is a question of values. Feminists, as Ellen Key points out, are not essentially concerned to prove that women can do, or should do, the same work as men, but it is

certainly along these lines that the modern feminist movement has developed.

Meanwhile, the main effect of modern education on women has been to complicate instead of to solve the economic question. The problem, "What shall we do with our girls?" is keener now than ever; and, although conscientious parents strive, with many sacrifices, to make their daughters efficient economic units, as an alternative to matrimony, it cannot be said that their efforts are very successful. A vast range of occupations unknown to our grandmothers has opened out to the modern girl, but the fact remains that a school and college education, which has cost hundreds of pounds, may leave her with a lower market value than the "uneducated" woman who can cook or do housework. Consequently the economic gain of a self-supporting daughter or sister is more than balanced by the increased expense of education and housekeeping; and this last factor is a deterrent to matrimony, thus throwing an increasing number of women into the labor market, and thereby completing a vicious circle in the economic evolution of women.[39] Moreover, the spurious standard of which mention has been made compels in young women a superstitious reverence for book-learning and its academic reward. Those who can write letters after their names are inordinately puffed up by the privilege, although it is shared with thousands of obscure male persons. Very frequently they are unfitted by this distinction, both in their own opinion and that of their friends, for the humble career of wife and mother. The teaching profession naturally attracts a great proportion of those who are exceptionally gifted in passing examinations; and they sacrifice youth and health in order to obtain the necessary qualifications. Education is essentially, to them, a means to a definite end, which undoubtedly accounts for much that is peculiar to the women's side of our college life. But when the strain is over, and the coveted prize of a post as teacher is won, is it worth the price paid? A life full of minor irritations to all but the born teacher, restricted within narrow limits and often monotonous, with very few plums and a scale of remuneration leaving little margin for the pleasures of life—such is the vista opened out to all save a favored few who adopt teaching as a profession. It is not wonderful if discontent is rife among middle-class women when such conditions prevail. Unhappily it is to this class, on whom changing social conditions have laid such a heavy burden, that the young girls of to-day look for guidance and for their philosophy of life. There are many sane, healthy, and splendid women among them, but the conditions of life do not make for either breadth of view or depth of understanding among the majority; and it is to be regretted that the influence of mothers has been so largely superseded nowadays by that of the female celibate pedagogue.

The question of the mutual influence of modern education and the feminist movement is too wide to be fully discussed here, nor is there any intention, on the part of the writer, to condemn wholesale either the present system or the women it has produced. No one wishes to stereotype any kind of man or woman. Social changes require adaptation on the part of both sexes. What is striking to an observer is the reflection that, while men seem to be fitting in fairly comfortably to the conditions of modern life,

[39] Statistics do not show an increase in industrially employed women, relatively to the increase of population, but few people can doubt that the middle-class woman is being forced more and more by economic pressure to become a wage-earner.

seeking and finding careers overseas when no opening presents itself at home, growing steadier and more sober to meet the demands of a democratic society, women, on the contrary, are growing to be more and more at issue with their environment. The adaptability of the college-bred man in the colonies is a good illustration. He has been brought up as softly as his sister, yet whereas he can cheerfully start life again at the bottom of the social ladder by cleaning pigsties or ploughing fields, she can seldom face either the physical strain or the mental isolation involved by pioneer life. If these difficulties had not been faced by the women of an earlier generation, our empire would have been considerably smaller. Whatever boons higher education has brought to women, it does not seem to give them that elasticity of mind and body and that deftness of hand which make the truly adaptable person. Nor, if feminist writers are to be believed, has it brought them happiness. The despised Victorian woman, if one's recollections of her as an old lady are to be trusted, found a spiritual satisfaction in life which many of her grand-daughters seem to miss.

There is no need to elaborate the subject of the present discontent of women. The suffrage agitation is its keenest witness. If we listen to the arguments of suffragists, it is obvious that their emotion is altogether out of proportion to the grievances they advance. They fasten, it is true, upon the most terrible features of woman's life—the White Slave or the sweated worker; but it is frequently obvious that they know nothing of either, and that they have no clear idea of the remedies they would themselves apply to these evils. A passion of pity for their sex surges through them, for they choose to regard both classes of women as victims to man's cruelty. But beyond this vicarious suffering they have a difficulty in explaining exactly what is wrong with them, and yet their faces are witnesses to mental distress of no slight order. The banner of revolt against man has enlisted many women who have never received anything but kindness and consideration, and attracts to-day many young girls who know nothing of social evils or sweated workers. "Why," asks Dr. Tayler, "when the young girl's mind opens out to the womanly, does a feeling of discontent with womanliness and its opportunities tend to arise?" [21]

Such surface manifestations as the franchise agitation, the demand for increased occupational facilities, for a wider domestic horizon or for entire freedom from domestic duties—all these are only superficial expressions of something deeper. Olive Schreiner speaks of ". . . dis-co-ordination, struggle and consequent suffering which undoubtedly do exist when we regard the world of sexual relations and ideals." [22] But the most significant utterance comes from an American sociologist of strong feminist sympathies, Mr. Thomas, who says:

"Modern woman is in . . . a condition of constraint and unrest, which produces organic ravages for which no luxury can compensate. The American woman of the better classes has superior rights and no duties, and yet she is worrying herself to death—not over specific troubles, but because she has lost her connection with reality." [23]

The essential truth of this statement is borne out by an accumulated weight of feminist evidence. In contact with the facts of nature, the truths of life, feminist philosophy breaks down utterly, or lands us in a quagmire of absurdities like Mrs. Gilman's picture

[21] J. L. Tayler, "Nature of Woman."
[22] Olive Schreiner, "Woman and Labor."
[23] "Sex and Society," pp. 239-240.

of the home of the future. in which father and mother are equally concerned (or unconcerned), going off daily to their work and returning at night to find the house has been skillfully dealt with by "experts," while the baby has spent an improving day in the communal nursery. Everyone knows such homes, but no one, before Mrs. Gilman, had ventured to think them ideal. Before the elementary facts of maternity and woman's physiological needs such a vision fades at once, or remains only as a "horrid warning" of what feminists mean by "sex equality." But, apart from such unattractive Utopias, feminist literature offers little to women as a solution of their difficulties. It will be seen that all these difficulties—the educational, social or economic—lead back to the starting-point of society—the relationship of the sexes. It is this which conditions all woman's activities.

The dependence of the human mother on her mate for food was the beginning of the modern economic relationship which is so objectionable to a majority of feminists, since they assume that it places woman in an inferior position. Nevertheless it is impossible to get over this elementary and radical difference in the functions of the sexes; and its effect on woman's economic position cannot be redressed (as some feminists desire) by making her the dependent of the State—an aggregate of men—rather than of one man. With one development of this dependent relationship, however, some feminists have dealt in illuminating style, showing how, as the purchasing power of the male increased, the female has been gradually restricted in her activity till she has become really a parasite. The trades connected with clothing and food, once woman's province, have been taken into factories, where the poorer women have followed them, to the great detriment of their health and home life. But the middle and upper-class women are now altogether deprived of a sphere of work which was once imperious in its demands on their time and skill. When we read of the hard lives of women in past ages, with the burden of many children and much domestic toil, we must also remember that such lives were full of varied and vital interests. The provision and preparation of food, clothing, bedding, physic—of all the amenities as well as the necessities of life—was a task which united the family in close personal association. There was the pride of craftsmanship, the ever-present drama of life, the joy of conquest and fulfilment, to leaven weariness and disappointments. What a contrast to the vacuity of many a modern woman's existence, filled with time-killing occupations often strenuous in inverse proportion to their relation to the real business of living! English women clung to their home arts and crafts until the second half of last century, and even for a time tried to supply their loss with the creation of superfluities, thereby divorcing craftsmanship from its true use and debasing the standard of taste.

The disappearance of craftsmanship, even with the needle, is a great loss to the modern woman. Nowadays she is only permitted to wield a tool or even to practise an accomplishment if she does so as a "professional"—that is a wage-earner by her craft. The one tool free to her is the pen; and even here her training leaves much to be desired, and craftsmanship has suffered by the feminine incursion into journalism and literature. With her tongue, now as ever, she wins success, to the surprise of thoughtless people. Yet the stage was the earliest and most fruitful scene of modern women's success; for here, as with public speaking, it is personal magnetism and emotional

capacity which tell. In the mimetic arts, or where adaptation and interpretation are necessary, women may easily equal men; but the fact still remains that, apart from maternity, the vast majority have no outlet for that creative passion which animates both sexes.

The feminist demand for increased occupational facilities for women is therefore based on the undoubted fact that women of certain classes have lost the sphere that once was theirs, through no fault of their own, and that, owing to economic pressure they are already invading other spheres which in recent times, at all events, have been reserved to men. The claim set forward is for the removal of all "artificial barriers"—"We claim all labor as our sphere," says Olive Schreiner—and for the recognition of woman as an economic equal and copartner in the support of the home, in which her duties shall be neither more nor less than those of the man. Such a conception of conjugal relations would obviously involve the recasting of our social system—no great evil in itself—and (what is more important) the reorganization of home and family life on a new basis. The most obvious difficulty appears to be the one encountered by Irene when she discussed the future with John. A more cogent one is to be found in the nature of woman herself.

The question of sex-relations is dealt with from a psychological point of view by Frau Rosa Mayreder, whose book is the most interesting exposition of feminist views which has come under the observation of the present writer. Its value lies, not so much in the arguments set forth, as in the glimpse it affords of the more cultivated type of feminist mind. The main thesis is the non-existence, outside the realm of primary physical characteristics, of any dividing line between male and female qualities, and the possibility, on a mental plane, of complete sex-ignoring comradeship between men and women. Not that Frau Mayreder believes women to be at present the intellectual equals of man; but when "the battle of a free personality," which she envisages as the Woman's movement, is won, there will be a field in which woman will be "neither above nor below man in communities wherein the sexual differentiation has as little to do with intellectual as with physical superiority. Woman is hampered in her progress towards this Utopia by "the drag-chain of maternity," "the duties of propagation." Nature has been "unjust" in her division of these duties between the sexes. For both sexes "the higher life" is to be sought in "the domain of intellect"; and Frau Mayreder, to whom the belief in a sexless and immortal soul as the invisible occupant of a mortal body is "a strange delusion," seems perfectly willing to recognize the brain as an incorporate and yet distinct entity in a state of perpetual warfare with sexual nature. In short, it is in the operation of the brain that she appears to find the only possible field for individual development—for the free play of personality.

It is true she is careful to assert that it is not by ignoring the physical facts of sex, nor by embracing the ascetic life entirely, that the most favorable development of personality can be obtained. The thing to aim at is "qualified sexuality," which is best produced by cultural influences bringing the sexes nearer together and facilitating the exchange of ideas between them. But this rather tame and obvious conclusion must be read in the light of her chapter on motherhood as a barrier to culture, The most favorably placed woman, she says, pays as the price of maternity "nothing less than spiritual freedom and equality of birth;

and the farther humanity advances towards higher forms, just so much farther must the female sex, for the sake of motherhood, remain behind." Here, it seems to the present writer, is the Sédan of the present Woman movement, if its protagonists, in the words of Mr. Thomas, persist in ignoring reality.

It is significant that, in the whole of a book which gives evidence of great research and synthetic powers above the ordinary, the simplest and most important fact in the whole woman problem should be deliberately shirked. Frau Mayreder spends many words in proving that so-called sex characteristics are conventional or artificial. She touches on biogenetical research and the theories of many philosophers, but she treats the central fact of woman's existence as though it could be controlled at will. She fails to recognize that the whole story of woman's difference from man does not begin and end with sex relations, but that physiological modifications of an active character are continually affecting her, whatever may be her mode of life.

In the book already quoted, it is pointed out by Mr. Heape, who is specially qualified to treat the subject from the biogenetical point of view, that the generative system controls and influences every other. The straining or over-stimulation of other organs in the period of adolescence leads to a waste of tissue which can only be repaired at the expense of this system; and, as Dr. Tayler also points out, it is a generation of women who have been brought up to compete, just as boys do, in intellectual and athletic pursuits, which also suffers more difficulty and danger than has ever been known in a previous age in performing its duty to the race. The effect of her physiological constitution on woman as an economic unit has not been sufficiently weighed by feminists who claim for her an open field of competition with man. If Mr. Heape is right, the price she must pay for the power to compete is so high that in the interests of the race she has no right to pay it. Feminists, perceiving this, speak of the conflicting interests of the race and the individual as though woman were free to make her choice between them! Mr. Heape meets this argument with unanswerable force in his contention that women cannot safely disregard what Frau Mayreder calls their "teleological nature." The non-performance of the normal functions of womanhood affects all those systems of organs which are controlled or influenced by the generative system, and tends to produce pathological conditions throughout the body—a danger run by all spinsters. But when in addition to this inevitable derangement we get a repeated stimulation, for instance, of exaggerated emotion or sentiment, or long-sustained abnormal strain on the nervous tissues, the danger, particularly of mental disturbance, is greatly increased. The present writer believes that there are few women, even within the feminist ranks, who do not recognize the quality of ebb and flow in their own mental or psychic lives which is due to physiological conditions, and which differentiates the most masculine woman from the most effeminate man.[14] But, whether from the point of view of vocational training or of intellectual development for its own sake, this quality, and the limitations it imposes on women, preclude the possibility of competition on equal terms with men; they do not preclude

[14] Ellen Key, who confesses herself to be rather an old-fashioned feminist, criticises very keenly the school which worships at the shrine of sex equality. Equality, she says, need not mean sameness. ". . . neither custom nor man now demands of woman the sacrifice of personality. This . . . is required only by the law of limitations which rules over us all."

the possibility of development on lines distinctively feminine and complemental to male activity.

The fundamental error, which the clever German feminist, Frau Mayreder, shares with others far less broadminded, is that she persistently underestimates the part played by her own sex in building up those social values which are the foundation of civilization. It is, in fact, essential for the feminist position to represent man as dictating the terms of sex intercourse; but this he can only do under environmental conditions of a particular kind; and to understand the present discontent of woman it is essential to consider her, not apart from her sex functions, but in relation to them and to her environment.

It is from this point of view that Mr. Heape makes an original and suggestive contribution to the history of feminism by a comparison of primitive and modern sex antagonism. The greater part of his book is devoted to an examination of Dr. Fraser's theory of the origin of exogamy and totemism, from which Mr. Heape differs in certain important particulars. He finds in exogamy the expression of male instincts, and in totemism the outcome of female desires and aspirations. As a limitation on the naturally roving male, totemism is the earliest evidence of woman's influence on social conventions; but man, in accepting these conventions, has nevertheless invariably found means to evade them. Unable to enforce her conventions on man by direct means, woman instead has notoriously penalized the partner in his errant courses; but it is a feature of the modern woman movement that this attitude is being relaxed. Modern woman is dissatisfied by the growing perception of the fact that she, as a respectable unit of society, is bound to the wheels of the Juggernaut of a conventional morality to which men are only compelled to do lip-service. Moreover, this convention has less and less meaning for women as they get further away from motherhood as the central fact of their existence. Monogamy—the moral and social ideal at which all our conventions aim—is assumed by many feminists to have its origin in male acquisitiveness and love of domination, but these traits are equally compatible with polygamy—even more so. The psychological origin of monogamy lies in the desire of the woman for a more permanent connection with the father of her child than is possible under any other system; and, if this instinct is a true one, a great deal of the modern feminist movement, including the growing desire for divorce facilities, may really be contrary to the true interests of woman.

"It is possible that future generations of women may derive benefit from a readjustment of sex relations. But despite the many reasons given by women for hope that such benefits will accrue . . . those of us who are familiar with the working of natural law must find reason to doubt the soundness of the ground on which such confident belief is founded."[13]

An interesting analogy is drawn by Mr. Heape between the position of primitive woman, in environments of hardship, comfort, and luxury, and that occupied by her sex under similar conditions not only in different periods of history, but in our own day in the three different classes of the very poor, the moderately well off, and the luxurious. From the biological point of view, it may be added, the large majority of our so-called middle-class women live in luxury. It is in the class or race which has comfort but not luxury that woman, whether in primitive or modern times, secures the most favorable environment, and be-

[13] "Sex Antagonism." p. 3.

comes, in fact, the dominant partner—a theory which seems to find a striking illustration in the position of women among the French *bourgeoisie*. Feminists are inclined to look for all improvements in the status of woman to the increased stability and power of the state, and consequently to a decline in the prestige of the mere fighting element. This assumption, attractive and specious as it is, leaves out of account the psychology of such civilizations as that of China, in which the military element was traditionally despised and the intellectual exalted, without any elevating effect on woman. There is also very little warrant for the feminist theory that we are on the eve of a period in which the fighting capacity of the male sex will cease to be flung into the scale in determining the social value of the sexes.

These questions can only be touched on here. The outstanding fact in the present relations of the sexes in our own country is an accentuation by artificial conditions of the natural antagonism due to a radical difference in sexual requirements, and the clash between social interests and the monogamous ideal with the biological needs of both sexes in an over-womaned country. It is because he approaches the subject from the biological standpoint that Mr. Heape perceives what escapes most male feminists, and is usually carefully concealed by women—the divergence of interests between two types of women, the mother type and the spinster type. It must be clearly understood that actual marriage and maternity are not essential to the first, nor celibacy to the second, because we are speaking of "types," a term which includes psychological as well as physiological development. Frau Mayreder recognizes the essential antagonism between these types, and urges the normal or average woman not to refuse to recognize the community of interest represented by her advanced sister.

"Changes in social order can be brought about only through women who are freed from the teleological limitations of their sex" [by *teleological* she means having relation to the duties of propagation], "who vary from the prevailing type, and, through their independence, attain to a new conception of life."[38]

Yet even Frau Mayreder is compelled to confess that the future is doubtful, and that "something like danger, a possibility of serious losses for the female sex, begins to lift itself above the horizon." If this danger is recognized in Germany, how much more acute must it be in Great Britain, where the influence of the non-maternal, abnormal woman is accentuated by our social conditions?

Despite the influence wielded at certain periods of history by women of the non-maternal type, from the courtesan on the one hand to the ascetic on the other, the dominant social power has hitherto rested in the hands of matrons and mothers, and the rise of spinsters as a class apart, wielding great social power and shaping the minds of girls and young women, is a factor of the utmost importance in modern feminism. Sex antagonism, hitherto, has had its origin in the encroaching demands made by the one sex upon the other, and, in the Western world, has been focussed in woman's effort to secure a dominant position in the regulation of marriage and sex laws. The introduction of a third class, celibate women, no longer cloistered, but demanding to share

[38] "I believe that the conditions of marriage, as they affect women, can only be improved by the women who do without marriage—and do without it gladly." ("Marriage as a Trade," Cecily Hamilton.)
"It is through these hybrids that the feminine sex transgresses against the masculine." ("The Woman Movement," Ellen Key, p. 193.)

man's occupations and prerogatives and to influence sex laws and relations while neither desiring nor granting such relations themselves, is a twentieth century development of the oldest problem in the world. It is obvious, as Mr. Heape says, that the demands of such a class may really be prejudicial to the interests of the maternal type of woman, and that not only may sex antagonism enter upon a new and bitter phase when the opponents—man and celibate woman—realize that they have nothing to gain by compromise, but that intra-sexual strife between the two classes of women will be the inevitable consequence. Already the suffrage question, which does not go to the root of things like feminism, has divided women into two camps in which the bitterness of controversy is astonishing to those accustomed only to male partisanship. Ellen Key, in her diagnosis of the idividualism or the new school, points out how sharply it conflicts with the interests of the normal type of woman.

A brief survey of the feminist position can touch only on outstanding features; and, because the writer does not find much promise in feminist remedies for social problems, it does not follow that she sees no need for improvement in the condition of her sex. On the contrary, she believes that a great portion of it, having parted with fundamental truths and realities, is drifting rapidly towards an *impasse*. Undoubtedly a great deal of modern woman's dissatisfaction with life is due to the fact that she has at once fewer duties and responsibilities and more power and license than are truly normal. Her energy runs to waste. Modern social conditions, moreover, imposing a heavy economic burden on man, re-act unfavorably on woman, who, curiously enough, is inclined under conditions of luxury to shirk even her sexual duties. Married life becomes increasingly expensive, despite the shrinkage in families, which is usually represented as woman's involuntary sacrifice on the altar of an imperious economic necessity. As a matter of fact it is more often the family and the interests of the State which are sacrificed on the altar of woman's standard of ease and comfort—a standard in which man readily acquiesces. The demand for increased vocational facilities for women has its origin in a real lack of vital and interesting occupations, as well as in economic pressure, but it is also interwoven with the neglect, denial or delegation of distinctively feminine duties and with the false scale of social values created by modern female education.

The true woman's movement must be one which, recognizing the principle of a natural division of duties between the sexes, aims at strengthening woman in her normal, natural sphere, and developing her along the lines suggested by her sex needs and characteristics. We do not know, as yet, because the experiment has not yet been made, to what heights woman might not rise under such conditions. Many social and educational reforms would be needed to secure such an environment, but the first essential is a sound ideal. So far the "advanced sisters" do not seem to have got beyond the pioneers of the Victorian age, who conceived of woman as "undeveloped man."

When John and Irene, following the Woman movement from different standpoints, become aware of sex antagonism and agree to differ, it is Irene, we suspect, who suffers most in the long run. Nor, in suffering, is she "rising on stepping-stones of her dead self to higher things," for, when she parts with John, the normal man, she gets out of touch with reality, and her progress henceforth is only a fantastic

dream. No scheme of salvation for women can be worked out which is not involved in the salvation of man, or rather of the trinity of man, woman and child, which is, for sociological purposes, one and indivisible. The book which views the feminist movement from this point of view has yet to be written.

Ethel Colquhoun.

The Quarterly Review.

SLAVERY IN ANNO DOMINI 1913.

Early in 1888, the Archbishop of Algiers began a campaign in Brussels Cathedral against slavery. One can imagine that fashionable congregation tripping up the steps under the majestic Gothic towers of Saint Gudule Cathedral, and flowing with rustle of silk and murmur of low voices into the great aisle, where the fragrance of scent and flowers mingled with the incense from the altar; and then that sermon against slavery, telling of men, women, and children torn from their homes, shackled, chained together, lashed. How strangely it must have fallen on that elegant throng.

The matter did not end there, for the Archbishop had great dreams, and longed to evangelize Africa. Already he had founded the Order of White Fathers, and little companies of men in flowing white burnouses and scarlet caps had spread over the north of the Dark Continent, and penetrated far down into the remote regions of the great lakes, Nyanza and Tanganyika. And while the good Fathers were rising at five to face drenching dews and burning fevers of tropical forests and plains, their founder was spreading his campaign over Europe with a fierce eloquence. Anti-slavery was more popular in those days than it is now, and that year Germany and ourselves bombarded the coast of Zanzibar against the traffic of human flesh.

Into soil thus prepared, the late Marquis of Salisbury dropped good seed, for in September, 1888, we find him proposing that King Leopold should invite all the Powers to meet and confer on the gradual suppression of the African slave trade. As a result of this, in November, 1889, a Conference met at Brussels at which the plenipotentiaries of all the great Powers, after thirty-two sittings, drew up in the name of Almighty God a hundred articles to put an end to the slave traffic, and to improve the condition of native races. And while this solemn conclave representing all civilization was sitting, and a dignitary of the Catholic Church was urging the rights of the slave, let us see what was actually taking place in the over-sea realms of one of the signatories, His Majesty, Dom Carlos, King of Portugal and Algarves.

In the fifteenth century when the Portuguese were the boldest sailors in the world, they had discovered in the Gulf of Guinea, close to the Equator, two mountainous islands which they named S. Thomé and Principe. These islands, 400 square miles in area, have a rich soil and steaming atmosphere. In 1890 they were on the rising tide of the new and lucrative culture of cocoa, and that year exported three thousand tons of the dried cocoa beans.

The Portuguese is said to be so lazy that he will not drink coffee in the morning lest it should keep him awake all day, but the men who opened up these islands showed a fierce, indomitable energy. They made some sort of shelter against the storms, and in spite of heat and fever they cleared spaces in the tangled, dripping forests, and

dropped the cocoa seed into the warm earth. The islands are furrowed by deep gorges torn out by torrential watercourses, but they built roads and bridged the streams. Chief of many difficulties was the scarcity of labor, for the degraded inhabitants despised work. So these pioneers, fearing lest their golden dreams might never be realized for lack of black hands, imported labor from the mainland. It was called free contract labor, and came to them under the ægis of law; and they asked no questions. The Portuguese are curiously ignorant of facts, and do not concern themselves with matters out of their immediate range. Though kindly by nature, they lack the trained humanitarian conscience common in England. In this case they did not want to know who these people were or how they came. They wanted hands.

At the time of the Conference this stream of black labor had been flowing into the islands for fourteen years, and in the year 1890 amounted to over fifteen hundred laborers, for not only was a great annual influx necessary to extend the plantations, but hundreds of workers were carried off by death. That same year I find one plantation had a mortality of 190 per 1,000. The conservative African is profoundly susceptible to change, and these imported slaves, weakened by long travel in the interior, separated from friends and all those associations that fill the primitive mind, were without hope, and quite unable to meet the shock of new food, different housing, and the strain of constant and often heavy work. Many ended their troubles by dying soon after their arrival. But the planters seem to have regarded human life merely as a means to grow cocoa, and faced this loss as they did their other difficulties.

And here I would venture to remind Englishmen of what went on in our factories a century ago when gangs of little children were put in chains and worked to death, and ask them to go softly while condemning these wealth-dazzled planters.

One gets some curious side-lights on plantation life in those days. A few years after the signing of the Brussels Act I find that on one plantation out of 287 laborers imported, 48 died. As some of them were only there for a few weeks the mortality works out at about 500 per 1,000—just half. But the report cheerfully reminded the shareholders that there were always more deaths during the period of acclimatization, and that at first there was no convenience on a plantation. The shareholders, it said, were not to be surprised at this, particularly as older plantations had a proportional number of deaths. From this we may conclude that terrible mortalities were fairly general in the islands.

Out of the first twenty Angolans imported to this plantation seven ran away before the month was out; and at the end of the year, fifty-four of those "free" laborers had escaped into the forests and mountains; ten were women—probably mere girls. Tales of the runaway slave stirred our great-grandfathers, and here at the end of the nineteenth century we find the slave still creeping away in terror from the cruelties of civilization. Even knowing those forests and mountains as I do, one can but conjecture how they used their liberty and what thoughts passed through their minds. One wonders if the scarlet autumn lilies reminded them of the plains where once they hunted the reed buck and the buffalo. Did hanging sprays of white orchid recall forests where with little native axes they had cleared the ground for the women to plant manioc? At nightfall, when the mists lay like wool between the mountains

and the sun sank into the sea in wild splendors of gold and crimson and green, did they long for the wider horizon they had left, and the village of huts where earthen pots bubbled over the logs, and slim, laughing girls came back from the fields with baskets on their heads? And when from their mountain fastness they saw the morning sun make a tract of light on the water, did they plot to steal a boat and follow that path of hope across the sea, eastward and homeword? Whatever they thought we know that the pains of the body gripped them, that the cold mountain air clung to their half-naked limbs till they shivered at night, and that hunger gnawed at them by day, for with their crude bows and arrows with wooden barbs they could hardly get birds and would be dependent on rats for flesh; possibly with luck, they might now and then get a white-bellied monkey as he darted up the bole of a tree. For most of them that desperate picnic did not last long. At the end of the year all had been recaptured or had returned—all but fourteen of the fifty-four. The loss of these fourteen was hard on the shareholders, because even then Angolans cost over twenty pounds each.

The next year the mortality was again very high on the same estate. However, the management was still cheerful, and ended a paragraph on the subject with the astounding conclusion that the mortality (about 200 per 1,000) was already normal and likely to diminish.

Now let a missionary tell where these unfortunates came from and how they travelled. Just after the signing of the Brussels Act, Mr. D. Crawford, near Lake Dilolo, six hundred miles in the Angolan interior, wrote:—

"I have still vividly before me a sad, heart-rending sight, a slave caravan on the march. It numbered, perhaps, eight hundred all told. This travelling mass of humanity had been months on the road. There were aged men and women, whose poor, shrivelled forms told of the welcome release awaiting them; mothers with babies on their backs, one just born this morning; and tall, strongly built young women and girls, some of them with fine features, carrying heavy loads. One had fallen behind, seemingly quite unable to carry the load that had been given her. I appeared on the scene just in time to see her inhuman master beat her unmercifully on the head with a club, yelling out a threat at every stroke."

* * * * * *

After the great anti-slavery measure, the Brussels Act, had been in force for fifteen years, I was sent out to Portuguese West Africa to investigate colored labor. Slavery was in full swing, for that year the labor imported to the islands was nearly three times as much as it had been when the Act was signed.

While in S. Thomé and Principe I stayed at a number of the plantations, riding about the estates with the planters and smoking and gossiping on their balconies. I saw thousands of laborers at work, lined up for inspection at night, lying in hospitals, or loitering about the open spaces round their huts. The more plantations I visited, the better I liked the planters, and the less I liked the system of labor. I saw a great deal in five months, for my hosts had men and horses to serve their guests; but it is difficult to explain a life so different from civilization. Ordinary words have different values there.

Try for a moment to imagine yourself on one of these out-of-the-way plantations. It is near the sea, not a storm-tossed highway for floating cities of men, but a hot, calm solitude where the whale blows, or his enemy, the thresher, leaps against him like a streak of silver flashing up from the

waves. Letters start for England in a dugout, paddled by a fisherman with mighty muscles. He is a marked man here because he is free, and when you see him you will be surprised at the difference freedom makes in a man. At dinner, smooth-shouldered girls stand against the wall, solemnly, for they are in the presence. To them the planter is not a master but a deity, mainly beneficent. The wealth of the earth is his; he brings them food from afar, flour, rice and beans, and the toothsome rotten fish that they love. He gives them gold necklaces in due season, and who can stand against his power? To one accustomed to the relations between master and man here, it is hard to believe how readily and remorselessly neolithic man will obey his master, and how careless he is of the suffering or even the life of a black comrade who is in disgrace.

I spoke of this as an out-of-the-way place. This does not mean a few miles along a good road to a railway station. A planter seven miles away asks us to visit him. With the aid of some twenty-five men, two canoes, a horse, a mule, and staying one night on the way, we accomplish the journey and get there rather sea-sick and a little more than a day late. If this is not a record for seven miles, it is an explanation why the Brussels Act works so slowly.

I have spent two years under the shadow of slavery and know something of what it means, and the awful power it gives the master; but the kindness one found on the plantations in spite of that iniquitous system confirmed one's belief that there are deeper motives ruling conduct than law and the fear of punishment.

After studying slavery for five months in the islands, I went over to Angola to see slaving, and followed the ancient slave route that runs due east from Benguella till I stood by the banks of the Zambesi, half-way across the continent. It was 1906 when I trudged over the very place where Crawford had written so passionately of the slave caravan. What had sixteen years of the Brussels Act done in these plains? As the export to S. Thomé had increased enormously, slaving was still going on to supply it. Slavers were more careful in my time than when Crawford wrote, but they did not hide all the skeletons and shackles, and in that district I saw heaps of shackles. Now these great blocks of wood with holes for hands or feet, are proof conclusive of slaving, for no free man in Africa ever wore a shackle.

Africa does not change so easily. Everything that counts here, law, progress, civilization, is nothing there. Watch your carriers on those plains, mere black dots, crawling like ants over an earth man does not dominate. Nature permits him to enter her solitudes, that is all. She is pleasant enough when all is well, but she waits like a lurking beast to destroy. A lost path, an hour's reckless wandering after game, and thirst has you by the throat. A thoughtless pause beneath a tree in the storm, and the fire that fills the horizon has ended all your schemes, made you something limp and useless in ragged khaki, something for the ants to be busy with. Later, the hyenas will come to their assistance, and a skull and a few large bones will be left to whiten in the sun. Nobody goes into this region but a few missionaries, engineers, or traders. What little commerce there is, is bound up with slavery. Travel there is too costly, too irksome, too dangerous for sportsmen or globe-trotters. The few scattered Portuguese forts, the only apology for government, are too often the home of intrigue.

Such is the land where the Brussels Act has failed to work.

Let me briefly sum up the present position.

There are now in the islands a few thousand free laborers from the Cape Verde Islands and Mozambique, but there is still a slave population of about 35,000 Angolans. It illustrates Portuguese methods that though the treatment of these people has been held up to the world as a shame to civilization, no one knows their actual number. I will give one proof, conclusive enough that they are slaves. Part of their wage is by law kept back for a repatriation fund to be paid to them when they return to Angola. Out of 179 repatriated in the second half of 1911, 122 laborers got nothing, though the fund stood at £120,000.

Who but slaves would submit to such treatment?

Kind as are the planters personally, they cannot alter slavery, and the bubble of panegyric so carefully blown by their defenders bursts the moment it is touched by the hard facts of plantation life. At Agua Izé plantation, 185 per 1,000 of adult Angolan laborers died in 1909. Principe is still decimated by sleeping sickness, and I read Portuguese reports of the hand-to-hand struggle against this awful disease. The doctors complain bitterly of the indifference of the planters to precautionary measures, and the inadequacy of their staff to carry out the work of tracing the trypanosomes in the blood and segregating the infected. Meanwhile the innocent die.

The tone adopted by the apologists would be comical were not human life at stake.

'The hygienic resources and medical attendance, the well-supplied pharmacies and comfortable infirmaries established in all the working centres, guarantee from a sanitary point of view the care indispensable for the preservation of health and the nursing of the sick,"

writes Senhor Mantero. But we know from a recent official report that the island hospitals are a scandal. Some are incredibly bad. Out of fifty-four plantations thirty-five need new hospitals. Here is a description by the Commissioners: "The old hospital is an infected hovel without hygienic conditions, and incapable of being improved." I visited that plantation several times and remember the hospital, and my own depression after seeing it. It is impossible to hope that the new hospitals will be built in the time stipulated in the report. It is equally impossible to say how many hundreds will die on the plantations before they are completed.

With such facts it is absurd to talk of the good treatment of the laborers. The cocoa industry is a growing one. As Mr. Harris points out in his new book, *Portuguese Slavery; Britain's Dilemma*, which should be read by everyone, the crop last year exceeded two millions sterling in value. With such figures one is not surprised that the planters are pressing forward, and that Senhor Mantero has recently stated that 26,000 more laborers are needed to extend operations and fully develop the islands.

Where is that labor coming from? To answer this all-important question we must go to the people concerned. Our Government may issue White Books and Societies may confer, but it is the planters who are at the helm and who are likely to remain there. I think that their views on the matter are very clear. Steamer after steamer is licensed to import labor from Angola. In a single issue of a Government paper last April, two boats were empowered to bring over 800 laborers. More than this, the planters have recently founded an Emigration Society authorized by law and backed by men to whom the islands have proved to be treasure-houses of wealth.

Last March open recruiting from Angola began again, after a cessation of three years, and the boat *Ambaca* brought over 112 men and eight women to S. Thomé. Knowing that the Angolan dreads S. Thomé as he dreads death, I ask:

"Are these laborers free, or are they slaves?"

If they are slaves, the old abuses have begun again, and Portuguese West Africa has turned her back on civilization.

Joseph Burtt.

The Contemporary Review.

COLOR-BLIND.

By Alice Perrin.

CHAPTER XX.

Lady Landon waited in her electric brougham in front of her sister-in-law's house at Norbledon, while her chauffeur left his seat and pushed open the little iron gate that screeched its usual discordant greeting to all arrivals whether beggar-people or ladies of title.

The time was early September, and a pleasant odor of bramble and bracken tinged the air that was wafted from the Common half a mile away. Little opalescent clouds flicked the thin, sharp blue of the sky, the insignificant patch of garden behind the noisy gate was gay with yellow and bronze chrysanthemums, and Lady Landon looked about her with gracious approval. The autumn air was crisp and exhilarating, though she found it a little chilly as well; she noted that the soil was gravel, or appeared to be, that the road and gardens were surprisingly well kept, imparting a sense of order and self-respect to the surroundings. It all looked very sober and clean and correct. Most sensible, she considered it, of the Fleetwoods to settle in such a place. And it struck her as rather singular that though of course she had visited Combe Down several times previously, the advantages of the locality for people of limited incomes had never before been apparent to her.

Then as the bell was rung and the knocker banged disdainfully by the chauffeur, Lady Landon realized with a slight feeling of self-reproach that it must be a whole year since she last came to see Emily Fleetwood. Was it possible! Yes, there could be no doubt about it, for Marion had been married from Mrs. de Wick's house in Queen's Gate on the 1st of September a year ago, and a few days later—with a supreme effort—she had motored down to see the bride's mother as well as to gather any news that might have arrived concerning the newly-married couple. What an excellent thing that marriage had been for poor John's eldest daughter! Lady Landon was serenely convinced that it was she who had brought about the match by giving Marion such a straight and sensible harangue at a time when the foolish girl was inclined to flout the desirable suitor. "Aunt Beatrice" recalled her own scolding clearly—it was at that dreadful tea party, when those odious hotel people had charged such a fiendish price per head for an infamous tea! Of course one never minded paying exorbitantly for the *best* of anything.

And then the youngest Fleetwood girl, the skinny little creature with eyes like saucers, had gone off to India to be married the following November—which, by the way, had entailed another wedding present, though, of course, not nearly so handsome a gift

as had been necessary for the future Lady Curtice. Really, Emily Fleetwood had been extraordinarily lucky to get two of her girls taken off her hands so easily and so soon. *Most* satisfactory! There only remained the middle one, who always looked so washed out, but no doubt it was better that one of them should stay at home to look after their mother. It was not likely that anybody would want to marry Isabel.

Now the hall door was open. Why on earth couldn't Emily teach her servants not to hide behind the door and peep round the edge when they opened it to visitors! Mrs. Fleetwood was at home; therefore with deliberate movements and much ceremony connected with the rug and the chauffeur's arm, Lady Landon descended from the brougham and sailed up the narrow pathway and thence into the house.

She found Mrs. Fleetwood in the drawing room. She also found a bright little fire, and tea, and a chair that was high yet comfortable, and she began to feel that she did not regret having made another supreme effort, at an interval of twelve months, to visit her sister-in-law at Norbledon.

"Well, my dear Emily, so you see me at last!" The ladies kissed each other delicately. "It is an age since we met. I was only reflecting as I waited at the door in my car—my man had to ring three times, dear, I thought you would like me to tell you—that it must be at least a year since I came down to see you last. It was just after Marion's marriage, wasn't it? You know I was only passing through London then, just as I am now, between visits. I remember I fitted in my dates so that I might be at the wedding. I went abroad for the winter, and of course I have such a terribly busy time all the season, knowing such thousands of people. Then visits in the country for the autumn, and so on. Time does *fly*!"

Aunt Beatrice should have known that Emily was not the woman to bear malice or take offence, and so have spared herself the trouble of plausible excuse-making. It would never occur to the kindly, simple-hearted widow of John Fleetwood that any one would willingly neglect her—she only considered it extremely nice of Beatrice to come at all; and she was hospitably glad that the tea and cakes were fresh and hot, and that the first fire of the season should have been lighted that particular afternoon. She knew Beatrice was very susceptible to temperature, and Norbledon paid for the proud distinction of being on a level with the top of St. Paul's Cathedral by having a correspondingly frigid climate.

"Yes, indeed, time does fly," Mrs. Fleetwood agreed cordially, "and I am sure with you it must fly more rapidly than with most people. You lead such a busy life. Now I just sit here and look forward to letters, and see very few people except my dear old friends the Bullens. Now that Marion and Fay are married, and Isabel engaged——"

"What!" interrupted Lady Landon. "Isabel engaged?"

Dear me! that meant another wedding present—but whether an expensive one or not would of course depend on the fiancés position and means.

"Who is the man?" she inquired. "I had no idea there was anything of the kind in the air."

"He is a clergyman," said Mrs. Fleetwood. "He was an Army chaplain in India, that was how we knew him"—Lady Landon privately decided that a biscuit-box would do—"but Rowland Curtice has very kindly given him the Batch living—of course at Marion's instigation!"

Lady Landon looked doubtful. This was rather different. Perhaps it had

better be a silver cake basket. It might be awkward staying as a guest at Batch Hall to go to tea at the Rectory and feel ashamed of one's present. Then she brightened up as she remembered that she possessed among her store of plate a handsome cake or fruit basket, she was not sure which, that she never used and would never miss.

"How very kind of Rowland," she said, "and what a relief to your mind, dear Emily! Has he private means?"

"Not much now, but he will have enough when his mother dies. He is a very nice man. I always liked him, and he was always fond of Isabel, I believe. You know she went out to India with Fay last winter to be at Fay's wedding, and then paid some visits for a couple of months among old friends before she came home. She met Mr. Dakin again then, but nothing was actually settled till he arrived from India last month. She is very happy, and will make an excellent parson's wife I am sure. At present she is staying with his mother in Devonshire."

Lady Landon drank her tea and enjoyed it. "Well," she said affably as she put down her cup, "I suppose very few women in your position, Emily, could boast of marrying off three daughters so quickly—and one of them so exceedingly well!"

Mrs. Fleetwood gave a little sigh. "I am so sorry to part with them," she said simply, "and yet I am very glad they should have homes of their own."

"But surely you are very proud of Marion's brilliant marriage, my dear? —or you would not be human! A baronetcy and at least fifteen thousand a year, and a man who worships the ground she walks on!"

Mrs. Fleetwood thought of poor Tom Gray with a tightening of her heart-strings. "Well, Beatrice, to be perfectly candid, I can't say I have ever liked Sir Rowland Curtice."

"Good gracious, Emily—what does that signify as long as Marion has everything she can want, and is able to twist the creature round her little finger? I can only tell you that Mrs. de Wick, whom I met only yesterday in Sloane-street, assures me she never saw anything like the way he gives in to her over everything. He is her meek and humble slave. Mrs. de Wick said it did one good to see them—they've been staying with the de Wick's in Scotland, as of course you know—and that it was really quite pretty! And the presents he has given her, and is always giving her!"

"Oh! yes," said Mrs. Fleetwood without enthusiasm, though a dazzling vision of exquisite ornaments passed through her memory. "He simply adores her," went on Lady Landon emphatically, "and he was a man who might have married any one."

"I consider," said Mrs. Fleetwood with spirit, "that he was very lucky to have prevailed upon Marion to marry him. I know she refused him more than once."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Aunt Beatrice rather disconcerted. She knew that Emily Fleetwood was not in the habit of telling lies, else she would hardly have credited the statement.

"Well, it's all very satisfactory, I'm sure," she said easily, "and quite counteracts the very ordinary marriages of the other two." She allowed herself this little scratch as compensation for the shock of Emily's unexpected information.

"Fay hasn't done so badly either," Mrs. Fleetwood could not resist proclaiming. "Clive Somerton is a major now, and he has a very nice old place in Gloucestershire which only needs time to bring it round. A rich sister-in-law keeps it up for him till he can afford to live there himself."

"Oh! yes, yes—now I think I remember. You did tell me something about it at the time of the marriage. But so many men have places they can't afford to live in nowadays. It is quite sad. Well, it's all very cheering, any way, about the girls. Fay with her soldier, and Isabel with her parson who will have more money when his mother dies and in the meantime has secured the Batch living, and then Marion! I congratulate you heartily on your luck with your dear girls. Now I must be going."

She rose and collected her white kid gloves, and her gold chain bag with clattering appendages of golden trifles studded with gems—a vinaigrette, a powder-box, a folding mirror, and such like. She embraced her sister-in-law affectionately and departed, leaving a sickly perfume as of satin sachets in the air, and a sense of relief in Emily's breast.

When the car had rolled away Mrs. Fleetwood sat idle, gazing into the fire. She felt weary, listless in mind and body; and as the slow minutes passed away and the light faded she fell into drowsy retrospection. The evening of her life had come, and soon she would be left alone. Both sons were out in the world, only now and then, at long intervals, would she see them—Georgie had been home on short leave this summer, but he had not spent much of his time in the dull little Norbledon villa, nor had his mother expected him to do so. She knew masculine nature as do most women who have spent long years in exile; she understood, too, the value of every moment spent in England after a long spell of duty abroad. Walter wrote vaguely about coming home next year, and hinted at a love affair that might or might not prove hopeless, seeing that the young lady's father was a diamond merchant of fabulous wealth, only that the dear girl seemed to like her humble suitor, and it was a well-known fact that her father had never yet denied his only daughter anything she fancied. . . . Then Mrs. Fleetwood recalled Marion's marriage a year ago, fixed purposely by the bride at an unfashionable season, and while the family was still in mourning. Though Mrs. de Wick had insisted on defraying all the expenses, it was curious how Marion had shrunk from the idea of anything but a very quiet wedding, with only an informal reception of relatives and intimate friends, and she had been married in her travelling dress. . . . Certainly Rowland Curtice was a very polite son-in-law; Mrs. Fleetwood had stayed at Batch Hall after the return of the couple from a prolonged honeymoon to Japan and America, but she never could "take" to him as she knew she would have taken to Tom Gray, or feel towards him as she felt towards Clive Somerton, little Fay's husband. . . . Last winter Fay had gone back to India to be married to Clive, and Isabel had gone with her. . . . The doctor had advised Mrs. Fleetwood not to undertake such a journey, and indeed she knew he was right, her strength was not equal to the strain, much as she longed to be present at her youngest girl's wedding, much as she would have enjoyed another glimpse of India, where the happiest years of her life had been spent. There Isabel had met Arthur Dakin again, and now here he was at home, and the Rectory at Batch was being improved and done up, and he and Isabel were two very happy people. . . .

Emily Fleetwood dozed. The fire smouldered, the golden light of the autumn evening sank to a grey twilight, for the days were shortening. Her small plump hands, wrinkled now and rather shapeless, that had tended her babies, and soothed the sick, and knitted, and written letters, and wel-

comed so many friends to her Indian dwellings, lay limp in her lap. Her pleasant, placid face, with closed eyes, looked peaceful and pink against the dark cushions behind her head. The room was very still, and the scent of sandalwood from the carvings, and of bazaar cloth from the embroideries, floated out in the warmth and the deepening dusk.

She dreamed that she and John were riding over the vast yellow country, past villages and mango groves, and wide sheets of shallow water where the duck and teal floated and dabbled and preened themselves in thousands. The two of them were riding towards the sunset, and presently against the crimson and orange of the sky rose up the peaks of white tents. A little crowd came out to meet them from the camp as they neared it,—a fat ayah walking ponderously, swinging her voluminous petticoats, bearing a precious bundle in her arms; Gunga, solemn and important, holding a small figure in white tightly by the hand; a pony, rather like a young calf, carrying another little person seated in a ring saddle on its back; a syce in attendance and a Government peon pompously escorting the party. Mrs. Fleetwood heard herself call out: "John, look!—the children. They have come out to meet us." And she waved her whip in greeting.

Then she awoke with a start to see Fanny Bullen standing before her in felt hat and serviceable jacket, and quite a color in her thin sharp face from a brisk walk with her husband in the evening air.

"Good gracious, Emily!" she said, "why are you asleep in the dark at this hour?"

She turned up the lights relentlessly, and poor Mrs. Fleetwood sat blinking, for all the world, as Fanny told her, like an owl suddenly disturbed in the hollow of a tree!

"I suppose I was asleep," she admitted superfluously. Then she added in plaintive protest: "Oh! Fanny, I was dreaming of John and the children in India when we were young, and you came and woke me up!" Quietly she began to cry. "It all seems so long ago, and it can never, never come back. . . ."

Mrs. Bullen drew down the blinds and made up the fire, saying no word. It was better to let Emily get over her moment of heart sickness, poor soul, without taking too much notice of it. What she required was to be cheered up; she must not be encouraged to mope. And all the time Emily knew quite well that Fanny understood and was sorry, though she let the blinds down with a crash and made a dreadful noise putting coal on the fire, and then actually said she wanted a cup of tea, though it was past six o'clock, and rang the bell without asking permission! So of course Mrs. Fleetwood was obliged to dry her eyes and sit up, and compose her voice that she might give the order to the parlormaid when she appeared.

"There now!" said Mrs. Bullen, when fresh tea was brought, and Mrs. Fleetwood thought she would like another cup too, "you are all right. You mustn't get so depressed, my dear, the girls would be furious with you. Come back and dine with us to-night. I'm sure you've got no dinner at home."

Mrs. Fleetwood smiled. "Oh! yes, I have. A very nice dinner, too. But I will come back and dine with you with pleasure. I should like to very much."

"What's your news from India?" inquired Mrs. Bullen. "The mail was in this morning, rather late this week. I heard from Bobbie and he's to go up to the depôt at Pahar Tal. He must be there by now. The winter up there will do him good."

"Oh! then he'll see Fay and Clive—that will be nice. They were taking

leave for September and were going up to Pahar Tal. Fay stayed down all the hot weather you know, so Clive thought she ought to have a change and a little bracing air. You remember how lovely it is up there at this time of the year!"

"Yes, I know—just after the rains. The air is so beautifully clear and pure. And the views of the snbws! Whenever I hear people talking rubbish about Switzerland I always know they have never seen the Himalayas, and don't know what a real mountain is like. And, of course, I tell them so."

Mrs. Fleetwood rambled on. "It is so nice for Fay that Clive could get away to go with her to the hills. Dear child, she seems so absolutely happy. Clive is such a devoted husband, and they are both so fond of India. She was delighted when she got back there. I was rather amused at Gunga sending his eldest son to be their bearer! I don't think I told you?"

"Yes, you did!" said Fanny to herself, but she shook her head mendaciously.

"Of course, it caused dreadful complications with Clive's man, who has been with him for years, and they are obliged to keep them both for the present. Fay said she couldn't possibly hurt Gunga's feelings by refusing to engage his son! She was only thankful he had not come himself, as he is far too old now for a young couple who want to rush about, and are obliged to rough it to a certain extent. They're with the regiment now, you see."

"Yes. And the Rotah Rajah—do they ever tell you anything about him since his coming of age and installation?"

"They told me in one letter that he was doing very well. But he has no children—the little boy died, you know, before we left India, and there have been no more babies. They think he will probably have to take another wife next year, and Fay hopes it will be the little girl who was at home when Fay looked after the Rani. She is being educated on modern lines by the Rajah's wish, and she writes to Fay constantly, giving account of her progress."

"And I dare say she writes quite as well as Fay does herself," said Fanny Bullen. "Natives learn so easily. Do you remember what funny letters we used to get sometimes from bazaar people? I have always kept the one I got that ended 'Your affectionate butcher.'"

Mrs. Fleetwood smiled. "Yes, I was with you when you got it. I remember that morning quite well. Isn't it odd how trifles cling to your mind when so often quite important things fade altogether from your memory? I remember we had been laughing because we overheard the ayah pretending to teach Marion to read English, and she kept saying 'C, A, T,—*billi*'!"

"I'd forgotten that!" said Mrs. Bullen laughing, "but I can hear our old ayah singing to one of the boys:

"My dear darling, my dear son,
Dadda got plenty money, Mamma got none!"

"Dear things!" said Mrs. Fleetwood tenderly including children and servants in affectionate reminiscence.

They sat talking of old days till it was nearly time to start, and Emily Fleetwood changed her gown and put on a hat and cloak, and went back with Fanny Bullen to the comfortable house on the edge of the Common, and to a dinner from which chickens were rigorously excluded. The Bullens had not yet been long enough in England to have recovered from the satiety of fowls that is one of the burdens of the Anglo-Indian.

"This is like the time when we were

at Agra together," said Mrs. Fleetwood, as they trudged along by the light of road lamps in the chill dimness of the autumn evening. "When John was in camp without me I used to dine with you, and when you were alone you used to come to us."

"Yes," said Fanny. And then, their minds full of the past, the two women who had come through the difficulties, often the hardships, the pleasures, and the makeshifts of long years in India, continued in silence on their way, recalling that past, in spite of its drawbacks and anxieties, with fond regret.

* * * * *

While the West was wrapped in midnight, the dawn broke over the heights of the Himalayas.

Again Fay stood on the spot where she had watched the Indian sunrise on the morning when Clive Somerton rounded the knuckle of the hill and found her there with old Gunga; and now her husband stood with her. Together they had climbed the steep zigzag pathways that Fay had so lightly mounted as little more than a child; and together they beheld the snow peaks gleaming crimson, and the mighty army of glittering mountains stand forth glorious and grand.

Somerton quoted from the fine old Sanscrit lines:—"'In a thousand ages of the gods I could not tell thee of the glories of Himachal. As the dew is dried up by the morning sun, so are the sins of mankind by the sight of Himachal!'"

Yet, magnificent as was the spectacle before him, his eyes rested more willingly on his young wife's face, so true, so pure and tender. She was gazing towards the hills in rapt enchantment, her hands resting on the wooden rail that edged the path; her lips were slightly parted, her eyes soft and dreamy, a faint color like that of a pink petal was in her cheeks.

"My little lady of the dawn!" he murmured. At once she turned to him, smiling.

The Times. (*The end.*)

SOME ACCOUNT OF ARCADY.

Call the Cotswold country a ragged polygon lying askew on the map of Gloucestershire, and overlapping Oxfordshire and Worcestershire by ever so little. It may be traced from Burford almost due north to Chipping Norton and Chipping Campden; from Campden up to Evesham, and down to Cleeve Hill, just excluding Cheltenham; thence out fanwise to Stroud, Cirencester, Fairford; and back, in a line shaped like a scythe, through Lechlade and Bampton and Witney, to Burford again. As if there were question of a feared exclusion from Paradise, boroughs so far south as Malmesbury and even Bath, or so far north as Stratford-on-Avon, have been claimed by the enthusiastic as true Cotswold. The boundaries may look illiberal. They are really a question of personality, and may be left to those who can best feel the spirit of place. By no other count could one have the heart to exclude, for instance, Tewkesbury. What is certain is that it spoils the game Nature means to play here, to drag in large towns. Oxford, Cheltenham, Gloucester, are on the very borders of the imagined pale; but Evesham and Cirencester are part of it, within it. The first three are outstanding porches of the Cotswolds, with their civilized pavements and electric lamps. The two smallest and last are little recessed

rustic gates, through which one steps straight into the grass.

The region in question, hardly more than thirty miles across at its widest, is traversed by a range of oolite hills, interesting in the extreme to geologists. It is in a railway-braided land, but trains are found only upon the outskirts of it—with the exception of one short line, a funny absent-minded little line, which has begun to tiptoe about within a few years. The heavenly valleys of the Churn, the Colne, the Lech, and the Windrush (once Winris) are as yet free from a rail or a cinder and, what is more, are likely to be as they are for long. Of all the pellucid streams, only the Evenlode is so much as touched by the demon of utility, represented by the engines of the G. W. R. As for the roads, they are excellently kept, but being favorites of Heaven, they have received the grace of keeping fairly free, so far, from motor travel. Some of these are fifteen centuries old, and still the chief highways of the district. Small sections of Ermin Street and Akeman Street, and many oblique leagues of the sylvan Foss Way, carry you along with Alfred and with Rupert in the wake of the subjugating Roman who first laid them straight through the heart of the province. They were brave sights once, with the Gloucester-to-London stage-coaches rattling past. There are scores of lanes, and of the wholly grass-grown ways which the country folk call "green lanes"; these play hide-and-seek in the uplands and lead nowhere in particular, and are, of course, abhorrent to the chauffeur. Bicyclists, too, are made wretched on the precarious slopes where inns are few and smithies fewer. The great open spaces, with their innumerable beautiful footpaths and bridle-paths, are the hall-marked property of the horseman and the pedestrian.

Except in its scrap of Thames Valley, this whole country is high land: the hills range from nearly three hundred to over one thousand feet above sea-level. But the look of the high land, generally bare upon the loftiest ridges, is not romantic—at least, not in the sense in which the Scottish Border and the Welsh Marches are romantic. Not so long ago, while still famous and successful in its own way, it was "one vast sheep-walk from end to end." The fields are enormously large. To those who love gold-green in masses, there are no downs more noble. There is now a great deal of ploughing and sowing going on thereabouts, perhaps almost more than the ground will bear. Barley and sainfoin, two harvests of great æsthetic as well as material worth, grow well in it. The soil is porous and rather shallow, and never holds rain: a Cotswold field-path, as you will be told with accuracy, is "dry as a boän" an hour after a December downpour. The case is far otherwise on the roads, which are kept mended with limestone! However, sticky as it is, indelible as it has a will to be, that limestone putty or cement, making shapeless boulders of your boots and supplying wheels with a deadly corrosive veneer, is not really mud at all, and has no dirt in it: so it has been pointed out by a scientist, for local consolation! Up in the farmlands, the earth, as in the western counties, is of the richest tints: the play of color in the fresh furrows ranges from rose and ruby to a pure bronze almost as satisfying. Besides some good thickets, one is constantly coming across an isolated tree, usually beech or elm, of great age and girth; and the lone patriarch regnant on a hillock or beside the road, balancing his own magnificent dark dome, is a sovereign sight very characteristic of the district. Down from many a one of these fine old trees showers the joyous irony of the rookeries, one of the

most diverting of outdoor sounds, and one not too much appreciated. Growing wild and abundantly are bean-flower, snapdragon, and lily-of-the-valley. Ferns are few: limestone discourages them. There is a comparative dearth, too, of berries, as of the early shelter-loving blossoms such as primrose, pimpernel, and anemone. Wherever there is a hedge here, traveller's joy is sure to garland it.

The Cotswold sky is like no other. It has its dark-mauve flying vapors, its strong, quick, erratic clouds—all English enough. But what makes the difference is the sunshine: not its increased quantity, but its more lively behavior. The greyness of certain days is broken a thousand times, as by a succession of cavalry charges, by the most vivid, intoxicating gold; and that remorselessly dazzling alternate light is well fixed in the memory of those who have dwelt under it. As for the air, it is simply the best in the world, sharp, pure, bracing; and it blows on you in a gale. It is mountain air, absolutely. How it is generated, with no mountain nearer than Beaconshire and Westmorland, is a standing wonder to its beneficiaries.

Now the people are entirely worthy of their robust natural setting. Their idiosyncrasy may be older than the Heptarchy. They are by no means of the familiar Midland type, slow of wit, speech, and aspiration, and shocked to the heart by the onset of an idea. The hazel eye and the ready lip mark them off from all that at once. Everybody has always lived in these villages to be old: all traditions thrive the better for that circumstance. On a March evening, up on the blowy wolds, a grizzled shepherd will pause in the feeding of his weaker lambs to tell you of some Early Victorian hearsay; and under any churchyard yew you shall read of a much-lamented Oxford Master of Arts, "for sixty-six years Vicar of this Parish." Young carters, coming from the quarry at Eastertide, stick violets in their hats, and adorn their beasts yet more poetically than themselves. Medieval games, in total disuse, elsewhere, tags of immemorial rhyme, crop up gaily at their never-neglected seasons. The six boys of Brize Norton, and the lads of South Cerney, have their mumming plays passed down from father to son, to be performed on Christmas Eve: there and then may be met again St. George and the Tanner of Nottingham; and Robin Hood, holding hands with Maid Marian; and little John. A band from Chedworth goes the round of all the neighboring villages twice a year, enthusiasts for their own ancestral tunes. Bampton children keep up a pretty and ancient custom in weaving immense garlands of wild-flowers on Whit Monday, and carrying them slung on a horizontal pole, from door to door along the street. To this day, in many of these long-memoried little places, they keep the patronal "veäst" a fortnight behind the date set by Pope Gregory's Calendar. At Churchdown, near Gloucester, the names which distinguished the various chapelries in the Middle Ages are still applied to divisions of the churchyard. Almost within the recollection of living men, Burford had ceased to display once a year the great dragon-banner of Wessex, symbolic of the victory won there by Cuthred over Ethelbald nearly twelve centuries ago. Should Winchcombe or Cirencester be visited at Michaelmas, statute fairs may be in progress, and what are called mop fairs, at which servants are hired. Bampton still has its horse-fair during the last week of August. And on any fine February day you may see oxen ploughing about Baunton or Harnhill.

The historical background here is of no dull kind. A husbed and self-contained but proudly independent

habit, busied to the full, first with wool-stapling and saddlery, then with stock-breeding, sport, and other honest arts, has characterized the countryside. Plato's "beautiful employments," those of the priest, the soldier, and the scholar, have left few traces; but there has been a great mercantile past. Rags of old opulence hang about all the once flourishing little towns. Their final good fortunes flickered out a century and a half ago, when Yorkshire competition and water-power completed their conquest, and now they live on in their decay, as modern small communities, alas! must do. Decay, yes; but beauty too. Local ideals too good for this world account for the decay. The beauty is indigenous, and, let us hope, immortal. When you look at the houses in which these "healthy, clean, old-fashioned people" live, you touch an art and an occupation in which they are yet supreme.

"They housen': so they get called, as in Ina's and in Odda's time. Hats off, indeed, to they housen! Where in England are their like? "Strong houses," Mr. Vincent calls them in his interesting book, "built by generations of men who have learned the meaning of the fury of the wind in winter; . . . houses old, substantial, admirably calculated to harmonize with the surroundings, sheer rapture to behold." Hear another panegyrist of theirs, one of the most charming of modern topographers, Mr. Thacker: "Grey stone-gabled houses . . . that seem to have grown by nature where they stand, . . . so perfectly do they blend with the surroundings; bestowing beauty, and receiving it in return." This is enthusiastic writing, but it is also sober truth. Every bridge shows a heart-delighting vista of gables and chimneys, some belonging to the glorious scattered abodes of gentlefolk, some to the grouped cottages of the poor. The low, irregular roofs of the last huddle in rows by a brookside or look over one another's shoulders on rising ground, with ragged thorn-bushes stuck between. Their outward-opening windows have very deep sills; cupboards are many in the thickness of the wall: the little crazy stairs are of solid oak. Take a retired hamlet like Coln St Denis (called "Cone Deans"), lying in its pastoral valley: it has at least five pieces of perfection to show in the way of ample, useful, entirely lovely dwellings. So with Shilton, the Comptons, and the villages of which Stow-on-the-Wold is the tiny metropolis; with larger places like Campden, with Burford pre-eminently, that "treasury of the ancient architecture of England." These never-sufficiently-to-be-praised houses are made of local stone. They have long-and-short work at the angles, and often on the sides of the doorways. Over them is a thick, well-laid thatch, or dark smoke-grey "tiles" peculiar to the district, which are yet to be found in its unworked quarries. These tiles are set overlapping by some two or three inches, and are so fitted and graded that the smallest are at the crown of the roof, the largest at its lower edges, thus forming an impenetrable and almost indestructible cover. How any human being, in the face of the tiles, can turn to zinc and corrugated iron, and to the hateful blue Welsh slate, is a mystery: to do them justice, few are they who commit the crime.

Never were nobler barns than you see in the Cotswolds: never since men began to reap and thresh, and to house cattle. Picture a towering E-shaped structure with a gabled entrance-porch thrust high up the middle, clad all in that sombre-lichened purplish-grey which is one in hue with the scudding clouds and the channels of the trout-streams. Nothing more

pictorial can be imagined than these great piles, with their buttresses and pinnacles, their pointed windows and deep shadow-haunted doors, their "cathedral-like" transeptal wings. Vast bins and lofts, all filled, crowd up against the magnificent oak rafters and bulge down and out to catch the sunset light. "Eight hunnerd sacks o' carn," you are told with pride, lie there in prospect; and well do you believe it. Everybody who has read William Morris's Life remembers his joy in the tithe-barn at Great Coxwell, every huge timber of which is pegged manfully with wood. No decadent modern nail anywhere! It is one hundred and forty-eight feet by forty, and at its apex thirty feet high. There is none bigger now left in England. It was rising under the hands of the busy monks from Beaulieu Abbey, in Hampshire, while King John was being bullied by his barons to sign Magna Charta. Morris had a grand barn of his own at Kelmscott, and there are many others as notable no great distance away. The one at Enstone has a tablet, with name and date set there by its designer, a Prior of Winchcombe, when Winchcombe was a town of might. No whit less excellent in their way than the barns are the dovecotes. Of these, large and lovely medieval examples remain at Farmington, Harnhill, Shilton, and Northmoor. Perhaps the most attractive of all, though now going to ruin, is at Daglingworth. Old structures for which there is little use, they are naturally getting rare. Nobody wants to keep seven hundred pigeons nowadays. Once only lords of manors and incumbents of parishes, or large guilds and communities, were allowed to have dovecotes on their lands. Squabs and the few other fowl then kept were literally the only fresh meat available in the winter, the farm stock being slaughtered on the approach of cold weather, and the beef and pork immediately salted down. Lovers of old prints are familiar with the emblem of a man killing a beast, by which November was usually, and December sometimes, denoted.

The stone walls of the Cotswolds, one of their most personal charms, are called "mounds." As in New England, they border the roads everywhere. The conventional hedgerows are still planted, in this part of the country, only to divide field from field. But New England farm-folk never knew how to build a "dry" wall like this. It is of fairly even stones, laid without mortar—in fact, with hardly a chink where mortar could be inserted. Some surfaces are marked by a sort of rough string-course, and for coping the top stones are set up on end close together. It must be admitted that a shelf of asphalt occasionally replaces them, and is not beautiful. But far more often you get, by way of variety, a primitive battlement of mud, in which seeds find lodgment, and where they begin at once to weave a curtain of falling verdure and moss, and to fill all the crannies with green as years go by, so that the "mound" becomes really what it is called, and is hardly distinguishable from the massive granite and earthwork walls of the Cornish roadsides. The typical wall in Gloucestershire, however, is the first kind, without clay additions. Yorkshire has the very same thing, so far as design goes; but at a glance one sees how masterly by comparison is the Cotswold masonry. The old walls are a gay sight in the hunting seasons, when the pink coats and their mounts wash over them like a tide.

Among these stern hills and in this keen air all the native crafts have had their home. One recognizes that instantly from the look of the well-

sweeps, the delightful yellow wagons, the very tools of the farmsteads; the beehives, too, and the romantic-looking mills. Louder witness is borne by the numerous scraps of ancient glass in the churches; by the carved rood-screens, as at Sharncot (which is probably the oldest surviving rood-screen in the realm), by the amazing and enchanting gargoyles of Lechlade and Winchcombe, by the stout tombstones, covered with well-fed cherubs, and long inscriptions in prose and verse cut in bold admirable lettering. The same quality is in them all. Whatever was made in these parts for the use of man was made with conscience, and with a true sense of beauty in days long ago, or else made yesterday by some humble artisan who has inherited a passion for doing honest work. Art is still a standing fashion: the new output is as good as the old. No scamping here! Leave a local builder without orders or a plan, and he will give you a little fifteenth-century masterpiece: strong English gables, generous fireplaces, immensely thick walls; more: a big lintel, stone mullions and transoms, and a hood-moulding,—all these on your happy windows! I have seen within a year, not without enthusiasm, just such "housen" a-building about Northleach, Evesham, Campden, and Stroud.

Praise of Cotswold architecture must culminate in its crowning glory, the ancient Perpendicular parish churches. Cirencester and Witney, Bampton and Broadwell, Burford and Northleach, Fairford and Winchcombe, and the many, many others less in size perhaps, but not in worth, how incomparable they are! how variously and complexedly expressive of the bygone national life! And one finds the contours of every school and period; and lastly, finds their vanishing point in the manifold splendor of art under the last Henries, when men little dreamed that the architecture and dogma of Christian England were soon to die in each other's arms. Saxon crypts are here, and Saxon saddleback towers, and Saxon exterior sculpture, and Saxon circular sundials, the gnomons of them gone for perhaps a thousand years. Norman doorways are to be seen, inestimable examples, with their boldly modelled tympani: doorways of recessed arches, decorated in every inch of space after a fashion Byzantium itself could hardly rival. Saints stand in early Edwardian glass, in rich-hued draperies against a faint diapered ground such as never yet obstructed light. There are damaged but primitive and sweet frescoes on walls in the most unlikely neighborhoods: a Doom or a Coronation; or a Christopher bearing his Burden, while all the fishes scuttle away from his ferrying legs; or a Margaret wanly smiling, with her preposterous dragon and her staff of victory. At the chancel steps, tenderly cared for now, lies a brass of the Lord Abbot, or of the knight and his lady, or of some great old woolstapler, who, living and dying, did much for his home parish. Images sit benign and unbroken in their niches, high on porch or tower of the not greatly changed market towns. Altar-stones are always being recovered and cherished, be it a superb solid block ten feet by four, and six inches thick, or the little heavy table of a disused chantry, marked, like its larger fellow, with the five tell-tale dedicatory crosses. Cotswold territory has all these wonderful things, and has them in no stinted measure. That so much has been preserved from the past shows at once how the whole district has stood geographically apart from disturbance, even from that of the first ecclesiastical destroyers who put in

such terrible work hard by. A very striking symbol of the immunity in question is the existence of the out-of-door sculptured crosses. An ample pyramidal base of circular steps is by no means unfamiliar in English churchyards, or by the wayside, or in the Market-place; the headless shaft belonging to them, short or tall, always excites interest where it has been spared. But here are the original carved cross-heads themselves, set on the original shafts, in the original proportions, on the original sites; they are scarred indeed, but not by the hand of man. Quite tiny villages, like Calmsden and Duntisbourne Rouse, as also Inglesham, Cricklade, and the Ampneys, richly reward any who would study medieval crosses in detail.

The social life of the Cotswolds, in what is left of it, is singularly cohesive. Architecture has always been the most intimate expression of the popular temper, and it is natural, where good building prevails, to look for good economics. The brilliant democracy of the guilds of the Middle Ages is gone, and nothing has ever really replaced it. It seems like a dream, among these "high wild hills and rough uneven ways," to recall all the princely woolstaplers who belong to the staple of Calais, owned the lands, stocked them and lived upon them, and gave them their renown. But how "Burnigan," like some great sucking sea-devil, draws the young folk away from home and home interests. The male stay-at-homes are almost all elderly, going about in big scarves and corduroy coats. They are, however, far from unhappy. Cotswold labor is well-paid, and laborers' rents are low. A serviceable and attractive cottage of four large rooms, detached, well-situated, with a garden, may be had for five or six pounds a year. A twenty-pound cottage, new or old, is truly a home of parts. Many of the fine ancient manors have come into the hands of farmers. You fall across these manors in exquisite lonely situations, among venerable box-edged gardens run to seed. Perhaps, if it be shearing-time, you see a flock of the top-heavy tailless Cotswold sheep bleating under a giant cedar in the lee of the barn, and the shepherds sharpening their shears on an old mounting-block, one used by riders who laid them down under an *Orate* long before Bosworth fight. The scene is patriarchial and encouraging. Working-folk so busied should make a success of rural life. *Sua si bona norint!* Will they let "Burnigan" spoil it all? The women are born conservators here as elsewhere. The "byes" over sixteen go, but most of the girls stay. As they grow up, they do not remove the laden ham-rack on the old beam which crosses the kitchen, nor banish the crane from the huge low fireplace. They learn at home to cook well. (Everybody knows how little good or even passable cooking one usually finds in the Midlands today!) There is always a grandmother at hand, with her precious lore of herbs and simples, and her precious science (may it never die out for lack of demand!) of brewing from cowslips, dandelions, elderberries, and gooseberries, from the plebeian but practical parsnip, wild sloes, and even the hips and haws of the autumnal wayside. It is sad to recognize that the old dairy industries are dying down. On the other hand, bee-keeping is uniformly on the increase. The women in middle life are fine beings physically: not a few, complete Junos, creatures of the antique world. They have much to do with a condition of things excellent, on the whole, and notable in our day, whether you look upon it

from the artist's and antiquary's point of view, or from that of the industrial reformer. It was by no accident that Morris settled on the outskirts of the Cotswold country, and Mr. Ashby's Handicraft Guild in the heart of it; nor that Feargus O'Connor, the Chartist leader, started his ill-fated experiment, the National Land Company, on the hills above Minster Lovell. These came to their own on the platonic principle of like to like.

Alas! the motor-car, as we all know, is busy, the world over, in taking away the baptismal innocence of remote places. The Cotswolds are even now on the verge of becoming a petted part of the modern world. Several excessively select books have, within the last ten years, blabbed most of their delectable secrets. The holiday tripper and the summer lodger have not yet shown lasting preference for the vigorous Gloucestershire winds, never off duty; but certain ominous things have already happened. The chief roads have been tarred and oiled; the blessed forgotten churches have been waked and scraped and put to the right-about, sometimes with disastrous thoroughness; school maypoles have been set up of malice prepense, and non-local folk-dances taught by zealous outlanders; the not numerous but ideal country inns have inflated their prices, at the cost of anglers, nowhere kept more busy and more contented than here; and painters long since have brought a slightly self-conscious smirk to the face of Broadway, and almost, almost! to the far loveller face of Bibury. Mr. Arthur Gibbs, in his Cotswold Village, gave some golden advice, concisely expressed in "Don't Go There, Tourist!" No: the tourist does not "belong." A man must have it in his heart to stay for ever, as if there were no sights in Egypt, nor beside the Zuyder Zee. "I thought how far sweeter it was," writes one true liegeman, "thoroughly to know and love one delicious English countryside, than to wander confusedly over all the barren seas and mountains of the world." Architects have the moral right of way in the Cotswolds: perhaps sportsmen too, since they never spoil anything but crops and their quarry. But the hills will most surely welcome, hand-in-hand with the architect, the unprofessional lover of that old agrarian or pastoral life which Chaucer and Shakespeare looked upon, and which is not yet wholly extinct in this new restless England, changing its whole spirit under our very eyes.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

Blackwood's Magazine.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S "TRAGEDY."

THE LOST LETTERS

Four hitherto unpublished letters from Charlotte Brontë to Professor Constantin Heger who, as every one knows, was the M. Paul Emanuel of "Villette," have been given to the British Museum by his son, Dr. Paul Heger, who wishes, by their publication, to put an end to all gossip and speculation about the relations between his father and Charlotte Brontë.

The following extracts from a letter from Dr. Heger to the Principal Librarian of the British Museum tell the reasons for the gift:—

In the name of my sisters and myself—the representatives of the late Mr Constantin Heger—I beg leave to

offer to the British Museum, as the official custodian on behalf of the British people, the letters of Charlotte Brontë which the great novelist addressed to our Father.

These four important letters, which have been religiously preserved, may be accepted as revealing the soul of the gifted author whose genius is the pride of England. We have hesitated long as to whether documents so private, so intimate, should be scanned by the public eye; we have been deterred from offering them sooner by the thought that perhaps the publicity involved in the gift might be considered incompatible with the sensitive nature of the artist herself.

In view of the approaching centenary of Charlotte Brontë we have given the matter our anxious consideration, and we have thought that England, as the natural depository of these precious documents, would be glad to accept them at our hands; and we have been confirmed in this belief on referring to opinions of competent people, and especially to Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the well-known critic.

We offer them the more readily as they lay open the true significance of what has hitherto been spoken of as "the secret of Charlotte Brontë," and show how groundless is the suspicion which has resulted from the natural speculations of critics and biographers, to the disadvantage of both parties to the one-sided "correspondence."

The four letters were written in French, save for the postscript to the fourth letter, which was in English. We print below a complete English translation.

LETTER I.

(24 July 1844)

I.

[*Translation.*]

Monsieur,

I am well aware that it is not my turn to write to you, but as Mrs. Wheelwright is going to Brussels and is kind enough to take charge of a letter—it appears to me that I ought not to neglect so favorable an opportunity of writing to you.

I am very pleased that the school-year is nearly over and that the holidays are approaching.—I am pleased on your account, Monsieur—for I am told that you are working too hard and that your health has suffered somewhat in consequence. For that reason I refrain from uttering a single complaint for your long silence—I would rather remain six months without receiving news from you than add one grain to the weight, already too heavy, which overwhelms you. I know well that it is now the period of compositions, that it will soon be that of examinations and later on of prizes—and during all that time you are condemned to breathe the stifling atmosphere of the class-rooms—to spend yourself—to explain, to question, to talk all day, and then in the evening you have all those wretched compositions to read, to correct, almost to rewrite—Ah, Monsieur! I once wrote you a letter that was less than reasonable, because sorrow was at my heart; but I shall do so no more.—I shall try to be selfish no longer; and even while I look upon your letters as one of the greatest felicities known to me I shall await the receipt of them in patience until it pleases you and suits you to send me any. Meanwhile I may well send you a little letter from time to time:—you have authorized me to do so.

I greatly fear that I shall forget French, for I am firmly convinced that I shall see you again some day—I know not how or when—but it must be for I wish it so much, and then I should not wish to remain dumb before you—it would be too sad to see you and not be able to speak to you. To avoid such a misfortune I learn every day by heart a half a page of French from a book written in familiar style: and I take pleasure in

learning this lesson, Monsieur; as I pronounce the French words it seems to me as if I were chatting with you.

I have just been offered a situation as first governess in a large school in Manchester, with a salary of £100 (*i. e.* 2,500 francs) per annum. I cannot accept it, for in accepting it I should have to leave my father, and that I cannot do. Nevertheless I have a plan—when one lives retired the brain goes on working; there is the desire of occupation, the wish to embark on an active career. Our vicarage is rather a large house—with a few alterations there will be room for five or six boarders. If I could find this number of children of good family I should devote myself to their education. Emily does not care much for teaching but she would look after the housekeeping and, although something of a recluse, she is too good-hearted not to do all she could for the well-being of the children. Moreover she is very generous, and as for order, economy, strictness—and diligent work—all of them things very essential in a school—I willingly take that upon myself.

That, Monsieur, is my plan, which I have already explained to my father and which he approves. It only remains to find the pupils—rather a difficult thing—for we live rather far from towns and one does not greatly care about crossing the hills which form as it were a barrier around us. But the task that is without difficulty is almost without merit; there is great interest in triumphing over obstacles. I do not say I shall succeed but I shall *try* to succeed—the effort alone will do me good. There is nothing I fear so much as idleness, the want of occupation, inactivity, the lethargy of the faculties: when the body is idle, the spirit suffers painfully.

I should not know this lethargy if I could write. Formerly I passed whole days and weeks and months in writing, not wholly without result, for Shelley and Coleridge—two of our best authors, to whom I sent certain manuscripts—were good enough to express their approval, but now my sight is too weak to write.—Were I to write much I should become blind. This weakness of sight is a terrible hindrance to me. (Otherwise do you know what I should do, Monsieur?—I should write a book and I should dedicate it to my literature-master—to the only master I ever had—to you, Monsieur. I have often told you in French how much I respect you—how much I am indebted to your goodness, to your advice; I should like to say it once in English. But that cannot be—it is not to be thought of. The career of letters is closed to me—only that of teaching is open. It does not offer the same attractions; never mind, I shall enter it and if I do not go far it will not be from want of industry. You too, Monsieur—you wished to be a barrister—destiny or Providence made you a professor; you are happy in spite of it.

Please convey to Madame the assurance of my esteem. I fear that Maria, Louise, Clare have already forgotten me. Prospère and Victorine never knew me well; I remember well all five of them, especially Louise. She had so much character—so much naïveté in her little face.

Goodbye, Monsieur,

Your grateful pupil

C. Brontë.

July 24th.

I have not begged you to write to me soon as I fear to importune you—but you are too kind to forget that I wish it all the same—yes, I wish it greatly. Enough; after all, do as you wish, Monsieur. If, then, I received a letter

and if I thought that you had written it *out of pity*—I should feel deeply wounded.

It seems that Mrs. Wheelwright is going to Paris before going to Brussels—but she will post my letter at Boulogne. Once more goodbye, Monsieur; it hurts to say goodbye even in a letter. Oh, it is certain that I shall see you again one day—it must be so—for as soon as I shall have earned enough money to go to Brussels I shall go there—and I shall see you again if only for a moment.

LETTER II.

(24 October, 1844).

[Addressed, on the back:—
Monsieur Heger
No. 32 Rue d'Isabelle
Bruxelles.]

[*Translation.*]

Monsieur,

I am in high glee this morning—and that has rarely happened to me these last two years. It is because a gentleman of my acquaintance is going to Brussels and has offered to take charge of a letter for you—which letter he will deliver to you himself, or else, his sister, so that I shall be certain that you have received it.

I am not going to write a long letter; in the first place, I have not the time—it must leave at once; and then, I am afraid of worrying you. I would only ask of you if you heard from me at the beginning of May and again in the month of August? For six months I have been awaiting a letter from Monsieur—six months' waiting is very long, you know! However, I do not complain and I shall be richly rewarded for a little sorrow if you will now write a letter and give it to this gentleman—or to his sister—who will hand it to me without fail.

I shall be satisfied with the letter however brief it be—only do not forget to tell me of your health, Monsieur, and how Madame and the children are, and the governesses and pupils.

My father and my sister send you their respects. My father's infirmity increases little by little. Nevertheless he is not yet entirely blind. My sisters are well, but my poor brother is still ill.

Farewell, Monsieur; I am depending on soon having your news. The idea delights me for the remembrance of your kindnesses will never fade from my memory, and as long as that remembrance endures the respect with which it has inspired me will endure likewise.

Your very devoted pupil
C. Brontë.

I have just had bound all the books you gave me when I was at Brussels. I take delight in contemplating them; they make quite a little library. To begin with, there are the complete works of Bernardin de St. Pierre—the Pensées de Pascal—a book of poetry, two German books—and (worth all the rest) two discourses of Monsieur le Professor Heger, delivered at the distribution of prizes of the Athenée Royal.

Octb. 24th, 1844.

LETTER III.

(8 January, 1845).

[Addressed on the back:—
Monsieur Heger
No. 32 Rue d'Isabelle
Bruxelles
Belgique]

[*Translation.*]

Mr. Taylor has returned. I asked him if he had a letter for me. "No; nothing." "Patience," said I—"his sister will be here soon." Miss Taylor has returned. "I have nothing for you from Monsieur Heger," says she; "neither letter nor message."

Having realized the meaning of these words, I said to myself what I should say to another similarly placed: "You must be resigned, and above all do not grieve at a misfortune which you have not deserved." I strove to restrain my tears, to utter no complaint.

But when one does not complain, when one seeks to dominate oneself with a tyrant's grip, the faculties start into rebellion and one pays for external calm with an internal struggle that is almost unbearable.

Day and night I find neither rest nor peace. If I sleep I am disturbed by tormenting dreams in which I see you, always severe, always grave, always incensed against me.

Forgive me then, Monsieur, if I adopt the course of writing to you again. How can I endure life if I make no effort to ease its sufferings?

I know that you will be irritated when you read this letter. You will say once more that I am hysterical [or neurotic]—that I have black thoughts, &c. So be it, Monsieur; I do not seek to justify myself; I submit to every sort of reproach. All I know is, that I cannot, that I will not, resign myself to lose wholly the friendship of my master. I would rather suffer the greatest physical pain than always have my heart lacerated by smarting regrets. If my master withdraws his friendship from me entirely I shall be altogether without hope; if he gives me a little—just a little—I shall be satisfied—happy; I shall have a reason for living on, for working.

Monsieur, the poor have not need of much to sustain them—they ask only for the crumbs that fall from the rich men's table. But if they are refused the crumbs they die of hunger. Nor do I, either, need much affection from those I love. I should not know what to do with a friendship entire and complete—I am not used to it. But you showed me of yore a *little* interest, when I was your pupil in Brussels, and I hold on to the maintenance of that *little* interest—I hold on to it as I would hold on to life.

You will tell me perhaps—"I take not the slightest interest in you, Mademoiselle Charlotte. You are no longer an inmate of my House; I have forgotten you."

Well, Monsieur, tell me so frankly. It will be a shock to me. It matters not. It would be less dreadful than uncertainty.

I shall not re-read this letter. I send it as I have written it. Nevertheless, I have a hidden consciousness that some people, cold and common-sense, in reading it would say—"She is talking nonsense." I would avenge myself on such persons in no other way than by wishing them one single day of the torments which I have suffered for eight months. We should then see if they would not talk nonsense too.

One suffers in silence so long as one has the strength so to do, and when that strength gives out one speaks without too carefully measuring one's words.

I wish Monsieur happiness and prosperity.

C. B.

Jany 8th. Haworth, Bradford, Yorkshire.

LETTER IV.

(18 Novr [? 1845]).

[*Translation.*]

Monsieur,

The six months of silence have run their course. It is now the 18th of Novr.; my last letter was dated (I think) the 18th of May. I may therefore write to you without failing in my promise.

The summer and autumn seemed very long to me; truth to tell, it has needed painful efforts on my part to bear hitherto the self-denial which I have imposed on myself. You, Monsieur, you cannot conceive what it means; but suppose for a moment that one of your children was separated from you, 160 leagues away, and that you had to remain six months without writing to him, without receiving news of him, without hearing him spoken of,

without knowing aught of his health, then you would understand easily all the harshness of such an obligation. I tell you frankly that I have tried meanwhile to forget you, for the remembrance of a person whom one thinks never to see again and whom, nevertheless, one greatly esteems, frets too much the mind; and when one has suffered that kind of anxiety for a year or two, one is ready to do anything to find peace once more. I have done everything; I have sought occupations; I have denied myself absolutely the pleasure of speaking about you—even to Emily; but I have been able to conquer neither my regrets nor my impatience. That, indeed, is humiliating—to be unable to control one's own thoughts, to be the slave of a regret, of a memory, the slave of a fixed and dominant idea which lords it over the mind. Why cannot I have just as much friendship for you, as you for me—neither more nor less? Then should I be so tranquil, so free—I could keep silence then for ten years without an effort.

My father is well but his sight is almost gone. He can neither read nor write. Yet the doctors advise waiting a few months more before attempting an operation. The winter will be a long night for him. He rarely complains; I admire his patience. If Providence wills the same calamity for me, may He at least vouchsafe me as much patience with which to bear it! It seems to me, Monsieur, that there is nothing more galling in great physical misfortunes than to be compelled to make all those about us share in our sufferings. The ills of the soul one can hide, but those which attack the body and destroy the faculties cannot be concealed. My father allows me now to read to him and write for him; he shows me, too, more confidence than he has ever shown before, and that is a great consolation.

Monsieur, I have a favor to ask of you: when you reply to this letter, speak to me a little of yourself, not of me; for I know that if you speak of me it will be to scold me, and this time I would see your kindly side. Speak to me therefore of your children. Never was your brow severe when Louise and Claire and Prosper were by your side. Tell me also something of the School, of the pupils, of the Governesses. Are Mesdemoiselles Blanche, Sophie and Justine still at Brussels? Tell me where you travelled during the holidays—did you go to the Rhine? Did you not visit Cologne or Coblentz? Tell me, in short, *mon maître*, what you will, but tell me something. To write to an ex-assistant-governess (No! I refuse to remember my employment as assistant-governess—I repudiate it)—anyhow, to write to an old pupil cannot be a very interesting occupation for you, I know; but for me it is life. Your last letter was stay and prop to me—nourishment to me for half a year. Now I need another and you will give it me; not because you bear me friendship—you cannot have much—but because you are compassionate of soul and you would condemn no one to prolonged suffering to save yourself a few moments' trouble. To forbid me to write to you, to refuse to answer me would be to tear from me my only joy on earth, to deprive me of my last privilege—a privilege I never shall consent willingly to surrender. Believe me, *mon maître*, in writing to me it is a good deed that you will do. So long as I believe you are pleased with me, so long as I have hope of receiving news from you, I can be at rest and not too sad. But when a prolonged and gloomy silence seems to threaten me with the estrangement of my master—when day by day I await a letter and when day by day disappointment comes to fling me back into overwhelming sorrow, and the sweet de-

light of seeing your handwriting and reading your counsel escapes me as a vision that is vain, then fever claims me—I lose appetite and sleep—I pine away.

May I write to you again next May? I would rather wait a year, but it is impossible—it is too long.

C. Brontë.

Then follows a postscript in English:—

I must say one word to you in English—I wish I could write to you more cheerful letters, for when I read this over, I find it to be somewhat gloomy—but forgive me my dear master—do not be irritated at my sadness—according to the words of the Bible: "Out of the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh," and truly I find it difficult to be cheerful so long as I think I shall never see you more. You will perceive by the defects in this letter that I am forgetting the French language—yet I read all the French books I can get, and learn daily a portion by heart—but I have never heard French spoken but once since I left Brussels—and then it sounded like music in my ears—every word was most precious to me because it reminded me of you—I love French for your sake with all my heart and soul.

Farewell my dear Master—may God protect you with special care and crown you with peculiar blessings.

C. B.

Novr. 18th [? 1845]
Haworth
Bradford Yorkshire.

[It is on the edge of this letter that Professor Heger made some commonplace notes in pencil—one of them the name and address of a shoemaker.]

In a letter to Mr. M. H. Spielmann Dr. Heger writes:—"There never was any subsequent correspondence, and the parties never saw one another again."

The Times.

FATHER MICHAEL.

Through the tangled wildness of a West African forest a little party was pushing its slow way. It consisted of four native carriers, a white trader, and his gigantic negro body servant. Carson, the trader, was long and lean, with narrow shoulders, but a general suggestion of tough, wiry strength. His lined and craggy face was distinctly plain, but the rather sleepy eyes were honest and kindly and the firm mouth was above the average in quality. His red hair had been faded by scorching sunshine, and fever and privation had robbed his gaunt body of every ounce of superfluous flesh. The condition of his garments, to a critical eye, left much to be desired.

They were stained and green with the half-dried filth of swamps, and ragged from the thorns of countless thickets. The forest seemed to take toll of its invaders at every step. The going was cruelly rough and trying. From trunk to trunk of the great trees there swept a network of tough fleshy creepers to offer a barrier tiresome and endless. Far and far above the tangled leaves and branches formed a roof well-nigh impenetrable to light. The little party struggled on in a perpetual gloom, save when an occasional vivid bar of sunshine, piercing the matted foliage, struck down like a naked sword. The heavy air of the forest was ovenlike. All freshness seemed to have been baked from it in those close, silent depths, and a cool breeze was a gift of the gods not to be looked for. Carson's thin ragged clothes were

sticking maddeningly even to his tough, gaunt frame, and the sweat gleamed upon the hard muscular bodies of his servants. So they ploughed on, with every nerve and sinew crying out for rest, and a sudden check came as a relief to the grim monotony of that heartbreaking march.

The native carriers in advance had halted and were chattering together.

"What's up, Imbono?" Carson asked.

Imbono went forward to investigate, if need be with vivid blasphemy, and his master leaned thankfully for a moment with closed eyes against a giant tree. His head was splitting and his eyeballs felt red hot. A recent bout of fever had sapped even his tough, seasoned strength.

Imbono returned all too soon with his report.

"Leopard trap, sar, and some one lib for fall inside it," he said woodenly.

Carson roused himself, and a few paces took him to where a ragged opening yawned in the layer of earth and branches strewed above a deep-dug pit. From the depth there came a low, monotonous murmur which puzzled Carson.

He bent above the opening.

"Hullo, down there!" he called. "Are you hurt?"

From below a voice answered, speaking in perfect English, but with a marked foreign accent.

"A spike has pierced my leg. I shall be a thousand times obliged by your assistance."

They cleared away the earth and branches, and in the gloom of the trap could distinguish a small dark-clad figure huddled in a strained position and the gleam of a white face. Imbono unwound a cord from his waist and Carson was lowered into the pit. It was as the victim of the trap had said. A blunt spike had pierced the muscles of his right calf, and he had been unable to free himself. He lay twisted as he had fallen.

"I'm afraid I shall have to hurt you," Carson said.

The wounded man laughed faintly. "Do not fear, sir; I shall be only grateful. And it is a fact that I am now in some little pain."

"My word, yes, I'll bet you are!" Carson answered, and proceeded with firm but gentle hands to free the pierced limb. The operation, painful as it must have been, wrung no sound save a faint gasp from the stranger.

"You've got pluck," Carson muttered admiringly.

The other man laughed once more, even more faintly.

"Indeed, I can lay claim to little courage," he murmured.

"We must get you up before we can see to it," Carson said.

He made fast the cord and assisted from below as the men hauled from above. Then he himself was pulled to the surface. And for the first time he realized that the man whom he had rescued was a priest.

He had apparently collapsed and was lying at the foot of a great tree. His black robe was stained and frayed and torn. He was a very small man with tiny hands and feet, and lean almost to emaciation. His wrinkled face was the color of old ivory, and was lit by a pair of big dark eyes. It was an ugly face, judged by ordinary standards. Its features were commonplace and irregular, and the mouth was wide and crooked. The nose, which could never have been Grecian or imposing, had received permanent injury from a cruel blow. But looked at in another way the face was beautiful. For if ever simple humor and patient faith and boundless courage found expression in a human countenance it was in the haggard face of that little priest.

Carson knelt beside him and was received with a feeble smile.

He examined the ugly gash.

"I've had some little experience of wounds," he said. "If you will allow me, I had better put in a few stitches."

"I shall be most grateful," the little man answered. "Somehow or other I must be—what would you say?—patched up. I am bound upon an errand of importance."

"I am afraid you will have to delay it," Carson said, rather drily, taking a little case from his pocket.

"Ah no, my errand brooks no delay."

"But if you can't walk—" Carson objected, threading a needle with his long, sinewy fingers.

"If I must go upon my hands and knees I must fulfil my errand," the little priest said very simply.

It seemed no moment for argument. Carson cleansed the wound and then stitched it up to the best of his ability. As he had said, he had had some little experience of rough surgery, but he was well aware that his want of skill must render the operation exceedingly painful. But the little priest bore it in stoical silence, forcing his pale lips to smile. When the bandage had been adjusted he spoke faintly but with characteristic courtesy.

"I do not know how to thank you, sir. I have interrupted your march by my misfortune—"

"There is no need of thanks," Carson answered brusquely. "It is a pleasure to help a man with your grit."

The priest raised a deprecating hand. His yellow face was very serious. "Grit? That is courage, is it not? But, sir, you are indeed mistaken. I am not brave at all—"

His head drooped forward and he fainted away.

"Just like me," Carson muttered with annoyance. "Standing by like a fool, and never thinking that the poor little devil would collapse. He can't be very strong, for all his gameness. Where's the brandy, Imbono?"

The small patient swiftly revived. He sat up with just a suggestion of color in his ivory cheeks.

"You see! I am weak and cowardly," he murmured.

Carson shrugged his shoulders. "You've been through tortures, I fancy, in that beastly pit. I've come near to falling in one myself once or twice."

"The time did seem long," the little man admitted simply. "I occupied myself by going through my office for the day. It helped me to forget the pain."

"Ah, that was what I heard," Carson said. "I wondered what you were saying to yourself down there. Well, it might be worse."

"Indeed it might. I am most thankful. With an hour or two of rest I can renew my journey. But you, sir,—I must not add to my obligation by keeping you."

"I'm going to camp here for the night," Carson answered. "But you talk of renewing your journey? You were making for the coast, I suppose, and we might go together—"

"But no," the priest answered. "I am journeying eastward."

Carson whistled. "I was going inland myself, but I judged it advisable to turn back. I suppose you are not aware that the natives are 'out' all along the river. They mean bad mischief. Every village is buzzing like a wasps' nest. You can't go forward, sir, even if you were fit to travel."

"I can and I must," the priest answered placidly.

"I think you do not realize the danger," Carson persisted, and the little man smiled gently.

"I am not without experience of this country and its perils," he said.

Carson looked at him curiously.

"Are you, by any chance, Father Michael?" he asked.

The priest bowed. "That is my name," he answered. "And yours, sir?"

Carson told him.

"If you are Father Michael, it is not for me to presume to advise you," he added. "But here is Imbono with supper. We can talk later about your journey."

As they ate their simple meal, Carson could not refrain from a curious study of his guest. They had never chanced to meet before, but by reputation Father Michael was well known to him. For far and wide the little priest was famous. The flock to which he ministered was scattered throughout a vast and savage district. From lonely store to store he journeyed, welcomed by every white man whatever his religion or its lack, and hated with superstitious fury by most natives. The witch doctors to a man regarded him as a dangerous rival. Plots innumerable had been laid to bring about his death by torture. It was not only his death that was desired. His courage was indisputable, beyond all question. And the heart and brain of a man of undoubted valor are invaluable for certain purposes of ju-ju. . . .

Death had walked closely at Father Michael's side for many a year. But he seemed to possess a charmed life. That was, indeed, the witch doctors' own explanation of his escapes. Only a man in possession of a most potent charm could have thwarted their enmity for so long. They hungered to win that charm. But so far the little priest had gone his way entirely careless of all peril. His adventures and escapes, the moments when he had outfaced death by a display of cool courage that appealed to superstition as the divinity of madness,—an account of these matters would have filled a lengthy book. But Father Michael seldom spoke of his venturings. He did not appear to treat seriously the knife-edged chances to which he subjected his lean, frail body. It was his habit to joke mildly at the shortcomings of his own physique. It was only other people's lives and bodies that he took seriously.

Father Michael fumbled for his snuff-box and extended it to his host. Carson excused himself smilingly and filled a pipe.

The little priest inhaled a huge pinch of snuff with simple enjoyment. He had eaten sparingly, but the meal appeared to have restored his strength miraculously. Carson guessed shrewdly that he had neglected the needs of his body for many hours.

"And now about your journey, Father," he said. "It is really out of the question. I know, of course, from what I have heard of you—"

Father Michael smiled with the simplicity of a child.

"Have you indeed heard of me?" he asked. "Now I wonder what it is that you have heard? There are some, I believe, who are kind enough to speak well of my poor singing. Have men spoken to you of that, my son?"

Carson shook his head.

"You shall hear it and judge for yourself," promised Father Michael, and without more ado he raised his voice and sang.

If you could call it singing, that is. The little man's voice was almost ludicrous. Carson judged that he could possess no ear at all. His singing voice seemed to consist of an irregular series of shrill squeaks! Through them there persisted, as it were, the shadowy suggestion of the air of a well-known hymn.

"It is my one gift," said Father Michael simply, as the performance ended. "A man, as I hold, has no right to conceal his gifts, more especially if he can give pleasure to others. Many have confessed to pleasure in my singing."

Carson made haste to add his own tribute to those others. He could well understand why Father

Michael's bearers had lied as he was lying. The little man appeared to possess this one vanity and delusion. And it did but make him the more lovable.

"It was of your rashness that I have heard, Father," he went on when Father Michael had bowed his thanks. "They say that no danger will turn you back from your duty—"

"Then men must speak too well of me—far too well," Father Michael said soberly. "It is my lasting shame that I am at heart but a sorry coward."

And it was obvious that he believed his own words.

"Well, you manage to hide it pretty well," Carson said drily. "I happen to have heard men speak of you as the bravest man in West Africa. But never mind—we'll admit that they are mistaken, if you wish. What I'm getting at is, that it will be simple madness for you to go eastward just now."

Father Michael permitted himself another pinch of snuff.

"It is a promise," he said. "And such a promise as I dare not break. Ah, Mr. Carson, it would take more courage to break that promise for sake of my own wretched safety, than it needs to go eastward! But let me tell you of my errand. Do you know Fernandez's store on the river some thirty miles from here?"

"Yes, I just know it," Carson answered. "Fernandez married, didn't he, not long ago?"

"Yes, Juanita is her name. She is only a girl, all unfitted for these wilds, frail and delicate, like a sweet dark flower. All her life she has lived in towns, until Fernandez met her. They love, Mr. Carson, in a fashion that it is good to see, but she has not been very happy, that little Juanita. The great river, the stinking swamps, the wild forest and the wild dark men have terrified her. Fernandez scarcely knew what he was doing when he brought her to these wilds. And yet—they love each other. I was there two months ago, and I could see how things were. She has been often ill, she longs for other white faces, she is terrified when she must be left alone. It had all worn her to a shadow. Fernandez—he is a good fellow, but he did not quite understand. There are many men who do not quite understand. But it is only because they are very young and strong and full of courage. An old man like me, who has always been something of a coward, can see more clearly."

Father Michael took snuff once more. His face was very earnest, but there was, as ever, a flicker of humor in his old, dark eyes. The heat of the day was past, and the fire by which they sat was pleasant enough. Through a ragged opening in the tangled leaves far overhead a great white star flashed from the velvety blackness.

"Yes," agreed Carson very gravely. "I am something of a coward myself. And sometimes we cowardly people can understand."

"She spoke to me. I took it as a high compliment that she spoke, for she is one who makes no complaints. But she knew that I would not condemn any weakness, being so weak myself. She had no thought of failing Fernandez, although she knew that he would take her back to the town, if that would be for her happiness. But she would not think of that. As I have said, they love each other, those two young people. But she had one great fear. It was lest she should be really ill, here in these wilds, with no woman, not even a priest, to aid. And so I made her a solemn promise that I would

come to her, if it were in my power, when she had need of me. And two days ago word came to me down the river that her need was grave. I started at once, and I would have been with her by dawn, it may be, but for the misfortune of that leopard trap."

Carson shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps it was good fortune in disguise. I gravely doubt if you would have reached Fernandez's by the dawn. It may well be that you would have gone upon a longer journey by a path of some little pain."

Father Michael laughed very softly.

"This old body!" he said with a quaint gesture of his tiny yellow hands; "it is worth so little, so very little! It is to be remembered that Juanita is young and her need is great."

"It is but going to certain death," Carson said very earnestly. "Is your life not of some value to many? Father, you must not go!"

Father Michael drew from his shabby robe a handkerchief of quite surprising delicacy and dusted his slender fingers with dainty care. His eyes were twinkling.

"My son, I have to thank you for assistance, for hospitality, and for advice of value. An old man may be permitted to reject advice without discourtesy. He has given so much in his time— when he also was young!"

Carson laughed, even against his will.

"What will you do, Father?" he asked.

"I start at dawn," said Father Michael gently.

When the light was grey and the white mists were rising they unrolled themselves from their blankets and swallowed the coffee which Imbono had prepared. Carson was in a mood of unusual irritation, but Father Michael was, as ever, placidly cheerful. If his leg were painful he made nothing of it. He shook hands with Carson.

"May all good attend you, my son," he said. "For myself, I am assured that all will be well with me."

"I wish I thought so," Carson almost snapped.

"Whatever chances, all will be well," the little priest said calmly, and without more ado he set out upon his journey.

Carson stood and watched him limp away. He looked very small and frail in the grey light. Carson was never sure if he obeyed a sudden impulse or acted upon a resolve that had fixed itself over night. He was accustomed to impute the worst motives to himself.

At last, as he watched, he suddenly spoke aloud: "Hang it, I can't let him go alone! I should feel a cur all my life. But it's dashed madness all the same!"

He turned to Imbono with a few curt orders, which Imbono received with marked sullenness. It was never to his liking to be separated from his master. But Carson permitted no argument.

He left the camp and swung away through the trees after the little priest.

Father Michael turned at sound of his step.

"I also am going to Fernandez's, Father," Carson said curtly.

Father Michael lifted his eyebrows.

"Is not the decision somewhat sudden, my son?" he asked. "And what of the danger? Only a matter of pressing urgency—"

Carson laughed. "The matter is urgent enough," he said drily. "It is a little question of vanity. I can't let you go alone."

"But it is needless," Father Michael protested. "I must go, for I have

given my promise; but why should two lives be risked?"

Carson had lost all his irritation. His manner was cheerfully genial. That was always his way when he was about to walk with open eyes into a tight place.

"You are obstinate, Father, if I may say so," he said. "But I am rather obstinate too. I'm coming with you, if you have no strong personal objection."

For a moment Father Michael stared at him with troubled eyes. Then a sudden brilliant smile swept across his wrinkled face.

"Come, my son!" he said, and the two went forward side by side.

Their progress was not rapid, for it was regulated by Father Michael's speed. Carson knew that the little man must be enduring something not far short of torture. His limp grew more pronounced, and he struggled on with tight shut lips. But his courage held superbly. He made no complaint, and he would admit to but little pain when Carson questioned him.

"I think at times that there is no such thing as physical pain, if one has but the will to think of other things," he said with a whimsical smile. "I am thinking now of Fernandez and his wife. They must be themselves in some little danger, do you not think so, Mr. Carson?"

"Undoubtedly," Carson answered. "But the store is strong, with the river upon its front. And Fernandez's native boys are to be trusted. I think the chances are that they will be safe."

"When shall we reach the store?" Father Michael asked. "I am but a poor walker today, I must confess."

"It's a wonder to me that you can keep going at all," Carson said bluntly. "We ought to make the store some time tomorrow morning. But it's more a question of if than when!"

And he laughed cheerfully.

Father Michael, limping forward with his lined face more colorless than usual, and heavy drops upon his forehead, made answer with entire serenity—

"If it be God's will, we shall reach the store, though all the tribes in Africa should bar the way. If we are cut off, it is still His will. But I confess to a certain anxiety upon your account, Mr. Carson."

Carson laughed once more. "Please don't worry about me, Father," he said. "I'm a timid man in a general way; but it's—it's difficult to be really cowardly in your company, somehow!"

The little priest only answered with his quaint smile, and the strange pair plodded steadily on.

Father Michael was apparently a stranger to caution, but Carson insisted that they should observe a certain prudence. Where the bush was thickest they travelled perforce by the winding native paths, but when possible they steered a way by compass through the virgin forest. It was about midday when they had their first clear hint of danger. Carson's ears were sharp. Suddenly he laid his hand upon Father Michael's shoulder, and dragged him down into a thick clump of bush.

"Keep quiet!" he whispered. "There's a war party coming!" And from where they crouched they saw fifty or sixty natives armed with spears and ancient guns, go by. They were led by a gaunt chief magnificently arrayed in an ill-fitting coat of purple velvet. When they were out of hearing Carson rose to his feet with a dry smile.

"Our luck is in," he said. "If they had seen us, well—we should never have reached Fernandez's!"

"And I say that God's hand is over us. But we mean the same," the little priest said gently. "I think that we shall reach Fernandez's by dawn. I shall need no sleep tonight."

Carson glanced at the little man's pain-wrung face and fragile figure.

"Certainly pluck has nothing to do with brute strength," he muttered. "Try leaning on my shoulder, Father, for a little while at least."

"Indeed, Mr. Carson, I need no help," Father Michael answered. "But with all my heart I thank you for your gentle courtesy."

Then they resumed their weary march, and Carson, although he did not voice the thought, could only wonder whimsically how long their luck would stand by them. It seemed to him that they were like doomed men walking beneath a sword that must fall in but a little while. And yet—oddly enough, he never for a moment found himself wishing that he had let Father Michael go his way alone.

When the blow fell it was without warning. A single musket-shot bellowed thunderously through the forest, and Carson sank upon his knees.

"I've got it, Father, through the leg!" he gasped. "Run, if you can. That was a long-range shot."

But Father Michael bent above him as though he had not heard.

"Are you much hurt, my son?" he asked.

"No, but I'm out of this game," Carson said angrily. "Run, man, run! There's no sense in staying. They may not follow you when they see me."

Father Michael smiled. "I would not run if I could," he said quietly, and he drew out his handkerchief to bandage Carson's wound.

"Here they come!" Carson said pettishly. "It—it seems a dashed waste!"

There was a patter of feet, a burst of triumphant howls, and thirty natives broke through the trees upon the helpless pair.

Through the noisy discussion that followed Father Michael with cool, capable hands did what he might for Carson's hurt. It was painful enough, and crippling, at any rate for the time, but not serious.

"What will they do with us?" the priest asked some minutes later. The two had been pulled to their feet, and, each between two brawny natives, were being dragged through the forest.

"They are taking us to a village," Carson answered drily. "I heard them mention a witch doctor. You will understand what they may mean."

"We are still in God's hands," Father Michael answered calmly.

It was an hour later when the two spoke together once more. They had been received with indescribable clamor in the walled village. The lean painted witch doctor had inspected the prisoners with evil, gloating eyes, the while men, women, children, and cur dogs had howled about them in a triumphant ring. Then they had been bound and flung into a hut to await their fate.

"These poor people," the priest murmured whimsically. "They show little respect or fear for the mighty white men."

"That's so," Carson answered grimly. "It looks like a pretty serious native rising. No doubt they have their grievances. They need a sharp lesson, and they'll get it all right, but —it won't advantage *us* much."

"I suppose not," Father Michael said simply. "What will be our fate?"

"As far as I could make out,

through the din, we have roughly another hour of life before us," Carson answered.

"And how are we to die?"

"By fire, at the tree of sacrifice," Carson said with simple directness.

The little priest shrugged his shoulders.

"So. It is God's will. But I grieve for you, my son. I know well that you did but accompany me because of the chivalry in your heart. You English, many of you, are chivalrous. But I feel that I am responsible for your death."

"Please don't think that, Father," Carson said quietly. "I came to please myself, because it seemed contemptible to let you go alone. And—it's not a moment for pretty speeches, so you will understand that I mean what I say—it seems to me to be something of an honor to be your companion."

"You are what they call an English gentleman," Father Michael answered. "I have met men like you before, clean-handed and modest, making little of their own high courage. It helps my weakness to have you with me in this trial."

Carson only laughed gently at the words. When the priest spoke again it was with deep sadness.

"I am thinking of Juanita. She is waiting for me, relying upon my word, and I shall not come. She leaned upon me, and it is possible that she will die. If her young life could but have been saved, it would have mattered nothing what happened afterwards to me."

"I don't think I have ever met anyone quite like you, Father," Carson remarked, with genuine wonder. "Don't you ever think of yourself at all? Haven't you a thought to spare for your own fix?"

Father Michael emitted a faint chuckle in the gloom.

"In truth, if I dwelt upon my fix I should prove myself a sorry coward, and disgrace myself in your eyes, my son. I am weak, and I shrink from the thought of a death of pain. And yet—well, the path of torment we shall tread will be short, and beyond it are better things than those we leave."

Carson made no direct answer. He could not speak with ease or readiness about religion. After a while he said:

"I'm no braver than other men, rather below the average, in fact. I only hope I shall contrive not to play the cur before these natives."

And Father Michael said simply, "I think that to both of us will be given strength."

Then they lay in silence for the little while that remained to them, each thinking his own thoughts. Carson's were concerned with a girl. It is probable that nine out of every ten men who face death with a clear brain are thinking of a woman.

Apparently Father Michael was thinking of one also, although in another fashion. For when their guards had come for them, when their legs had been unbound and they had been dragged into the open air, when a yelling procession had been formed about them and the village had been left behind, he spoke aloud and Carson caught the words. "Poor Juanita! Poor child! If I could but have gone to her first."

Carson stared at the little man and marvelled. Such selflessness in the very face of a hideous death was beyond his understanding.

He himself was thinking of many matters, trivial and otherwise. How dark was the sky! A heavy storm was surely coming. Was a death by burning very painful? Many martyrs, delicate women among them, had borne it bravely. But a man had

better think of something else! He wondered what a certain Clare was doing. He would have given—oh! very much, to see her again. Her face was always oddly vivid to him. A man had only to close his eyes to see her clearly, clearly . . . He would have liked to send a message to her, but that was not to be. Better not think about Clare too much, perhaps. Had they far to go? No, the trees were thinning out before them. He saw a circular clearing of bare earth trodden by many feet. This would be where the natives held their dark revels and unspeakable ceremonies. Carson squared his lean shoulders instinctively. The time of bitter trial was come.

In the centre of the clearing rose the gnarled, withered trunk of a tree, blackened by many fires. The prisoners were bound against it, side by side. Dry brushwood and heavier faggots were piled about them in a ring. Then began incantations and weird dancing, and a ceaseless, horrible nerve-racking din. And all the while the sky grew blacker, and, although the evening was still young, the light was failing steadily. The prisoners fronted their tormentors with steady courage, standing straightly in their bonds and longing for this agony of waiting to cease.

"Goodbye, Father," Carson said suddenly. "Time's up at last."

"Goodbye, my son," Father Michael answered. "I pray you to forgive me!"

"There is nothing to forgive," Carson said. "But if you would care to give a thoroughly sinful man your blessing—"

Father Michael, clear-voiced and calm, murmured his blessing as the witch doctor drew near, flaming torch in hand. And at that moment the first heavy drops of rain came hissing down.

"My word!" Carson muttered. "There's going to be a reprieve!"

And so it proved. As the brushwood caught, and the long, lean, yellow flames began to leap and crackle, the storm broke fairly. The rain sluiced down in a black, roaring cataract. The flames were choked out beneath it in a moment. The natives cowered away for shelter under the trees, and the respited prisoners stood alone in the clearing, dripping and shivering in their bonds.

The storm was brief as it was violent. Carson spoke, gasping for breath, as the clouds swept away and the sun peered out.

"We're still alive, Father, and it will puzzle them to find wood dry enough for our roasting today!"

"Yes, God has spared us wonderfully, for His own high reasons," the little priest answered with reverence.

The thwarted natives emerged from cover and gathered about their prisoners. There followed a clamorous discussion in which the grim-eyed witch doctor finally bore down all opposition. Carson listened with eager attention to the words that decided their fate. He gave an exclamation.

"What will they do to us?" Father Michael asked steadily.

"Some of them were for sparing us," Carson answered. "They seemed to think that the gods meant us to live when they sent rain so opportunely; but that old ruffian, the witch doctor, would not hear of mercy. He seems gluttonous for blood. He says that fire will not harm us, and that now they must try what water will do! We are to be tied to posts beside the river and drowned by the rising tide. The tide is making up now, it appears. Everything is propitious. They are going to take us to the river now."

"It is still God's will," was all that Father Michael said.

It was not far to the river. The prisoners were dragged thither with rough speed. Three posts rose up from the brown shallows. To two of them Father Michael and Carson were bound. Already the water reached to the priest's armpits, and it was rising fast.

"You will have the longer to live, my son, being the taller man," Father Michael said calmly. "I know not why, but I have the feeling that you may yet be saved. If you live, I pray you to go to Juanita and tell her that I would have kept my word."

Carson gave his promise. "But I see little chance for either of us," he added. Father Michael did not seem to hear him. He was gazing before him with rapt, far-away eyes. There was a faint smile as Carson always remembered, upon his colorless face. The water had reached his shoulders. He was murmuring to himself, forgetful of Carson and the gloating natives who watched from the bank.

Carson just caught the words, "Juanita! Juanita! my promise! . . . I keep my promise! . . ." The brown water rose steadily. It was near to Carson's shoulders now, tall man as he was. He heard beside him a strange, dreadful, choking sound, mercifully brief. He shut his eyes. . . .

He opened them at the sound of a familiar yell. Four large canoes were dashing up the river towards him. He recognized Imbono in the bows of one, urging on the paddlers with savage threats. He saw little, dark, uniformed men and the gleam of rifles. It was difficult to realize that he was saved. . . .

The Cornhill Magazine.

Father Michael had been known and loved by the rescuers. He was beyond their aid, but they exacted a price for his murder, a grim and bitter price.

Carson came in the dawn to Fernandez's store. The young Portuguese trader stood aghast at his tidings.

"Father Michael dead, drowned about six o'clock last evening? But —but that was when he came!"

"Are you raving? What do you mean?" Carson asked.

"He came here then, Father Michael himself! Juanita was very ill, crying out for the Father. He had promised her to come. I had to leave her about six o'clock for a little while. When I came back Father Michael was in the room. He looked white and tired, and his old black gown was sorely torn. He bent above Juanita, and he soothed her as only he could do. His voice and his hands are—were—so very gentle. She slept at last quite peacefully, as she is sleeping now. Then he turned to me, 'I have been permitted to keep my promise, Luiz Fernandez,' he said. 'But now I have to go upon a journey.' And he blessed me—the little Father. He would not stay, so tired as he looked, and he would not eat. I watched him walk away among the trees. . . . I have been wondering. . . . But now you say that he was dead, that he died about that hour! What in God's name does it mean?"

"It only means," said Carson, very soberly, "that he was permitted to keep his promise."

John Barnett.

HOME DEFENCE.

["Mr. Asquith's promise of a bill designed to prevent England from slipping into the sea will be glad news to holiday-makers on the South and East Coasts."-Daily Chronicle.]

Roll on, insatiate Ocean, roll!
Bring up your billows, mile on mile,
Gathering speed from either pole
To pound on our deciduous isle!
Roll on, I say, but roll in vain!
Never our soil shall feed your maw again.

Some years ago upon the strand
A British Monarch took his seat
And tried to make you understand
That you were not to wet his feet;
In safety, well behind the throne,
His Court encouraged this defiant tone.

You took no notice. On you came
(As he had been a barking pup)
Straight for his toes to swamp the same,
Till he removed them higher up,
And to his courtiers cried, "What ho!
I said it was no use; I told you so."

To-day a louder challenge rings
About our country's fretted base;
A nobler Knut superbly flings
His glove in your erosive face;
Asquith himself arrives to bar
Your moist advances, saying, "Sea, thus far!"

So shall "Britannia rules the waves"
Mean that you musn't undermine
Cliffs and marine hotels and caves
And things that overlook the brine;
So shall our empire o'er the foam
Begin where Charity begins—at home.

For lo! our Knut shall break your ranks
With mole and groyne and granite wall,
And to the strange anæmic cranks
Who like to have their England small
This stout remark shall he address:
"She may be little, but she shan't be less."

O theme for poets to rehearse!
Yea, well might he, our laureate-leach,

Accost your waves in courtly verse,
Singing "No more into the breach!"
Or write *To Neptune Damned: An Ode*,
Telling him plainly, "Thou shalt not erode."

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

NATURE'S POLICE.

Everybody wonders at the voice of summer that is expressed in the ever-sounding hum not to be located anywhere, except that it is high overhead where no insects are visible. People write to the papers about it, and exchange theories as to what may be its origin. Says one of them:—"As far as I could see—and one day I lay for two hours enjoying the hum and the lovely view—the authors of the hum were large bees or insects, and the note of the hum was a very large one, about middle C. Gnats would have made a much shriller sound." The observer was right about gnats, but it is not true always that the larger insect makes the deeper sound. The drone bee, for example, is much shriller than the worker of about half its size. Some attribute the hum to drones waiting for young queens far up in the sky. When heard in the open it is certainly mysterious, but elsewhere it often resolves itself into the work-song of some familiar insect.

A beech tree has it, and for a long time it is difficult to trace the voice to its author. A few minutes ago it was a pear tree, devoid of flowers, and not yet bearing juicy fruit, yet the author was a bee, the white-tailed bumble-bee known as *Bombus lucorum*, of which there were a score or two in one tree, gathering something from the backs of the leaves near the midrib. But in the beech the hum comes from a far less visible insect, swifter, smaller, and less aggressively colored. Just an occasional blur of wings is at first all that you can see up there, but by screwing the eye upon it and forcing a focus, we at last make out a wasp. There are hundreds of wasps in the great tree, darting in and out of the leaves, always on the wing, examining the foliage for the slightest speck, and when a caterpillar is found, pouncing on it with an obvious "Now, young feller. Com' along o' me." They are the police of that great caterpillar slum, or slum that would be if it were not for their incessant patrol. The justification of the caterpillars is that they produce these smart and agile *gens d'armes*, as the justification of a street of ne'er-do-wells is that it finds occasion for the splendidly impassive man in blue. Order never comes to be quite assured until disorderliness has reached such a pitch as to call for the hourly perambulation of the policeman. He is the flower, the final good towards which the apparent evil had been working.

Let us adjourn to the police station. The hedge in the lane has grown into a mighty tangle since the mother wasp went house-hunting. At one point a great brush of hedge-maple has sprung up, and woven its foliage in a solid tesselation about a yard from the ground. There is no closer leaf-pattern than that of the hedge-maple. Lesser leaves fill the gaps left by greater leaves, and minute leaves fill the tinier cracks, till no ray of light can get through. But at one spot a few leaves are missing. They

have not been ragged out by caterpillars, but neatly cut away. Anyone might know that the police had done it, and a moment's halt shows you, one after another, the golden bullets shooting accurately through the opening to the hole in the ground a yard beneath. The merchant bee does not make the least attempt to improve or maintain the entrance to its nest. As the herbage grows, so grows the immense waste of time in circumaviating or crawling through. Pollen bundles innumerable are knocked off and lost, but what matter? It is nobody's business to cut off grass blades to maintain these imperial roads, and nobody does it. From a hive the bees removed a beam ten inches long and weighing twenty-two grains, about as much as the same number of bees, but not a feather would they push away, though it costs pounds of honey a week by its obstruction just outside the hive. The only well-kept garden along Walworth Road belongs to the police, and the only military road to an insect city is cut and maintained by the wasps.

Getting a little behind the entrance, we can see them bringing in their prisoners—in joints. Every incomer has a burden about as big as her head held in her jaws or in her feet, and as they come about sixty or eighty to the minute we are lost in wonder at the amount of crime in the world. Criminal, of course, it is for small mean worms to gnaw and mangle vegetation, the only original product of life, whereon all larger organisms must subsist, and the apprehension of such criminals is an entirely worthy act. Nevertheless, the wasp has few friends, and when another nest was found not so well guarded as that in the hedge, it was ruthlessly attacked. This mother had built in the shallowest of holes, or in none at all, and when the nest was as large as a cricket ball it hung in a little earth cave for all the world to see the white paper and crawling guards as it passed along the roads. So the point of an umbrella flicked it almost solidly out, knocking it from its attachment to the grass roots, and taking nearly all the brood and three-fourths of the paper that wrapped the nest. The rest lay in a complete ruin on the floor of the cave. That was on Monday evening. By Thursday morning, if not earlier, the nest was again as large as a cricket ball, though, as the geography says, flattened at the poles, it was hung again to the roots at the top of the cave, and caterpillar prisoners were coming in again as fast as ever. We cannot imagine by what means these handymen had raised the bulky combs there must have been, and held them and fastened them to the roof. It is a piece of engineering that ought to be seen in action, and even cinematographed and shown to admiring, do-nothing bipeds. At any rate, it must be remembered that it is no part of a common wasp's normal duties to build a nest *di novo*. The first steps belong to the queen, who by now is supposed to have put all building work on one side and become nothing but an egg-layer.

A gorgeous policeman of the gnats is the dragon-fly of whatever species you like, but the big blue-and-green "Devil's darning needle" (*Æschna cyanea*) for choice. This magnificent creature has to keep in order a more intelligent being than leaf-munching caterpillars, a being capable of being terrified as well as minced into subjection. At the approach of the patrol the gnats cease their gambols and seek shelter like so many small birds when the hawk appears. He is not only a dragon to the flies but a terror to at least one far higher being

against whom he is not in the least armed or disposed. Children and even greater persons hold their breath when they see this magnificent sergeant on his beat. They give him the name of "horse-stinger" and "flying adder," and imagine that he has the poisonous power that the names signify. He overdoes his *rôle*, and it is a pity, for he would like to catch a fly now and then round our faces, as he can round the faces of the less superstitious cattle. Yes, he grotesquely overdoes his *rôle*, for he and his tribe do not a tenth of the good work in the repression of crime that is done by the Scotland Yard under the trimmed hedge-maple.

It is true, of course, that they are all working for a living, the leaf-nibblers and those that save the leaves by eating the nibblers. So do our own police work for a living, whose occupation is that of spoiling the *modus vivendi* of the undesirables. But while it cannot be pretended that the caterpillars do good by restraining the exuberance of plants, or the thieves by discouraging the savings of shopkeepers, it is true that those who discipline and cut down these parasites are benefactors of the cosmos. It is meet that the worthiness of their lives should shine out in a superior beauty of body, an excellence of function, and, in one of the two cases at any rate, in an alertness and adaptability of intellect.

And there swings into view the great policeman of the skies, the sparrow-hawk. He kills birds of good species and bad species alike. Today, he swoops on the poor bald-headed foster-mother of the cuckoo, giving her surcease from a most grinding and unsatisfactory life. The hedge-sparrow does nothing but good, and the house-sparrow, which is almost entirely vicious, is usually capable of keeping out of the clutches of the hawk. The birds live in Erewhon, where the greatest crime is that of being below par. It is hard work picking out the laggards in their swift flocks, and the hawk presents the finest figure of a policeman (say, the carbine and bayonet policeman) that the countryside has.

The Nation.

SOME NOTES ON CATS.

As most householders, consciously or unconsciously, harbor a domestic cat or cats, even scrappy deductions as to these animals seem excusable. It would be bumptious, since their essence is an enigma and we often barely realize their external shape, to set down anything as *known* about such abstruse beings, whether they are our *confrères*, police against vermin, tolerated vassals, or zanies kept for diversion. Some cats seem almost disembodied, they appear and disappear so spookishly—in the family but not of it. If mousers they are tolerated, but if they catch birds or rabbits are outlawed as murderers and thieves.

They have no specific Latin name, and even Mivart can only call them "common" cats, owning that this is zoologically incorrect. All associates of cats, even their enemies, are influenced by their psychosis. We dominate dogs, but we cannot dominate cats except by force. They can be annihilated or abolished, but not made subservient or banal.

Kipling, Plato, and the Egyptians knew that Puss is a personality apart. She will love a rat, rabbit, horse, dog, bird, monkey, or man, but none of

them can enslave her. Cats suffer much, in soul and body, from human patrons. Interference with their destiny, usually injurious, is often fatal. They are slain or hurt by doses many sizes too large for them, are dragooned ruthlessly and expected to realize habits, fetishes, and ritual which do not concern them, and of which their observance is as inconceivable as that a planet should keep its orbit over Rotten Row. Forcible feeding is anguish to cats. "All animals," Pliny said, "know what is good for them except man." Grass, of the right sort, seems the feline all-heal. Rough cocksfoot (*Dactylis glomerata*) is what they like best, but meadow soft grass, otherwise Yorkshire Fog (*Holcus lanatus*), green wheat or barley, oatgrass, or variegated garden Ribbon Grass are eaten, though with less relish. These rough-edged grasses help them to disgorge the hair swallowed in cleaning themselves. Cats' dietary caprices are many. Some lap ice-cream; others like asparagus, beetroot, cheese, cherry-tart, hard biscuit, or treacle. These animals are reliable weathercocks. Like all roamers, they outlive trying outdoor conditions, but succumb to chill indoors. A draught from an open door, divided by a closed door from the room in which a cat lay on the floor, drove it on to a chair. On the open door being shut, unseen by puss, he came down from his refuge. On the floor the draught enveloped him all over. Again, a cat sleeping on a bed facing a slightly open window always crept under the quilt when the wind came from the quarter to which the window opened, but lay outside the quilt in much lower temperatures when the wind was from other directions. Cats' dislike for heavy treads and sudden commotions is obvious. Noise is usually abhorrent to them, but not if customary, as with cats in railway stations or thoroughfares. Certain flavors and smells, movements which inspire play, the quarry they desire, and tactful notice from humanity please and interest them. Lack of this last, especially if it has been withheld from previous generations, gives a cat an unmistakable mien. And cats who spend their nights roving are easily identified by the attitudes and places they sleep in by day—often bare, chilly spots, on flagstones, on wet earth, under a bush, or in a door-scraper.

No wonder the cat "walked by itself," since people live with cats for years and never speak to them, nor give them even a cheeseparing. The average cat's attitude to the average home is what ours would be to an almshouse or workhouse where we depended for intermittent maintenance on Brobdingnagian despots of alien kind. No domestic animals are more sensitive to human handling, physical or moral, and it is centuries of human demeanor which have made them like shades among our substantial entities.

In spite of Walt Whitman cats do seem "demented with the mania of owning things," and if one acquires a corner to his liking he resents another usurping it, and teases him away with persevering lickings and bitings. We may place the chief actuating impulses of cats in the following order: (1) Maternal affection, instinct, or solicitude; (2) fear; (3) hunger or thirst; (4) curiosity or cleanliness. It puzzles one to sort these last motives. It depends on degree whether hunger or thirst overcomes curiosity or cleanliness. Cats like to satisfy their fifth (or sixth?) olfactory (or subliminal?) sense as to the contents of their abode, for reasons undivined by our dissimilar mentality. A very hungry or thirsty cat will eat or drink before washing, but

a cat, if not hungry, investigates objects which puzzle it before eating or drinking. Fear in cats is stronger than normal hunger or thirst, and maternal instinct (naïvely labelled "spite" by unobservant people and known as maternal *affection* in woman) is strongest, and is far less self-conscious, simpler, and more vehement in the average feline than in the average human mother. Fear sometimes literally paralyzes cats whom it assails. Anyhow cat-psychosis is so subtle that all redaction of it is hypothesis. After reading Miss Keller's amazing books unknown forms of life, with personalities invisible, inaudible, and intangible seem possible. If she, in the narrow limits of a maimed existence, communed with unseen and unheard associates, who knows what might ensue after bodily dissolution? And animals, less hampered by externalities than ourselves, may know strange things now. One must leave it at that.

The Spectator.

THE BARBARITY OF REALISTIC TRAGEDY.

There is little need for lamentation in the fact that so many worthy people fight shy of Ibsenite drama, of such plays as Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice," or of harrowing and depressing novels like "Jude the Obscure." The "uncultured" person—"uncultured," by the way, is a most "uncultured" word—is not a bit hurt when his bland intellectual superiors regard him as a Philistine, a man of coarse tastes, lacking in the faculty of appreciation and all the rest of it. Not having enough knowledge of æsthetics to entrench himself in the position that art is an appeal to the average man, that its first duty is to reach our primitive instincts, and that what is in the main unpleasing cannot be altogether good art, he meekly says nothing, or expresses his antipathy with the off-hand concision of Squire Western. Yet, if he would only think it out, how he could turn the tables! For who are the true Philistines—those who have schooled themselves into affecting, and even into believing, that they like what no rational creature can really and truly enjoy, or the man who is quite honest about his emotions?

A critic recently argued that the objection of the ordinary playgoer to the drab environment of Ibsen and Hauptmann was a right and proper objection, and that these playwrights made a fundamental mistake by clothing idealistic dramas in the unbeautiful forms of realism. He pleaded for more of the sensuous element in intellectual drama. Life ought not to be represented as more painful and ugly than it is, but in terms of greater beauty and nobility. There is much truth in this, although the bases of the argument are not entirely sound. The lurking fallacy shows itself clearly when the critic goes on to say that, when matters are righted, plays will no longer be divided into comic and tragic; for it is really in this vital distinction of kinds that the force of his complaint resides.

Realism is never justifiable in art except when the impressions to be conveyed are on the whole pleasing. This follows from the very nature of art, which is a spontaneous communication of feeling, a spontaneous expression of ideas. Pure art is not didactic or subservient to any purpose; it is, first and last, simply expression. So far as Ibsen's or Hauptmann's plays are intended to teach something or to denounce anything, they are not pure art, but art adapted, art subordinated to a foreign object. Many so-called works of art would be

classified with most propriety among the useful arts. Fine art is, primarily, the expression of what has been a pleasure to the artist; or if you object to the coarse associations of the word pleasure, let us say the elemental joy, the enhanced spiritual life, that results from the stimulation of his natural, his artistic sensibilities. It sounds question-begging to say that such expression must be pleasurable; but it is the same as saying that only in expression, only in the satisfaction of an innate craving to express, first in his own mind and then in an outward, concrete form, can the poet, painter, dramatist, or novelist find relief.

But the enjoyment of art is also expression. Only into the fit, the congenial, the understanding mind can the artistic expression penetrate. To receive an impression such as the artist strives to convey, the hearer, reader, or spectator, must, in short, re-express it for himself. Perception involves reconstruction. We are ourselves artists when we really see the Venus of Milo or one of Rembrandt's old women, or really hear Schubert's Eighth Symphony. It is only so far as our imagination takes into itself and realizes the work of art, in the same spirit as the artist produced it, that the work is completely understood. In actuality, it is seldom or never fully understood—it could not be, except by an equal and absolutely sympathetic mind. The mental state of the artist would have to be completely reproduced in the recipient. In other words, as the artistic effort was spontaneous and instinctive, a free discharge of vitality—as it was a delightful effort—so must artistic appreciation be a free response of our emotional and imaginative faculties to the given stimulus—and therefore a positive pleasure.

Now we can understand that a madman, or a being of abnormal nature, like Strindberg, Dostoevski, or Tchekov might find a positive pleasure, might satisfy instinctive cravings, in the ugly and painful. But a healthy mind has no incentive to recreate or express in independent artistic form what is not in harmony with its normal emotions. The authors of "Justice" and of "Jude the Obscure" are neither morbid nor insane. Obviously, the things they put before us pain them as much as they do us. It is not the majesty of suffering Lear or the heroism of Cordelia's martyrdom, not the greatness of human nature or anything admirable at all that they are expressing, but their criticism of life, their feelings of abhorrence, wrath, and revolt. Shakespeare's tragedy gives us pleasure; these are intended to give us the very opposite.

The universal criterion of art is, accordingly, that it gives pleasure to both the creator and the recipient. Apply this principle to realism. The technical virtue of realism lies in the intense vividness and strength of its appeal. It brings the fact right home to us. It is realism because it imparts the sense of reality. Comedy, it is a well-established axiom, ought to be realistic. Why? Because it is concerned with the unexpected, the startling, with pleasing aspects of things that in their ordinary aspects are either uninteresting or depressing. It puts together things that do not come together naturally, in order to please by the identification. Such an identification could not please unless it were rendered credible. The more keenly we are made to realize these surprising aspects of familiar things, the more we feel that the playwright is not inventing but revealing unobtrusive phases of actuality, the keener will be our enjoyment.

And now what of tragedy? It deals

with agonies, sorrows, and disasters, with things that in themselves can certainly not be pleasing, unless they satisfy some passion of hatred or revenge, unless we take ignoble delight in seeing our enemies suffer. But the very soul of tragedy is sympathy. Obviously, tragedy would be the reverse of pleasing, and accordingly the reverse of artistic, if it made us suffer agonies, griefs, and terrors in our own selves, or in those whom we might identify with ourselves. The closer it comes home, the more it is realistic, the more intolerable and subversive of artistic enjoyment must it be. Yet the emotions corresponding to grief, agony, and terror, the emotions of pity, sympathy, and admiration, are undoubtedly pleasurable. The artistic function of pathos is to evoke these feelings, not to make us suffer. Our pity and admiration should be greater and more intense than our sense of pain, which is but a minister to spiritual exultations. We do not want to realize the suffering; we do want to realize the noble results of suffering, which poetry, and poetry alone, can express.

Thus tragic art must avoid familiar environments and too much verisimilitude; it must be ideal; and, sure enough, we find that the great classical writers of tragedy never deviate into realism. What could be further removed from actuality than Æschylean or Sophoclean tragedy, with its highly artificial structure, its elevated dialogue, its chorus, the formal intermediary between the real world of the spectator and the ideal world of the protagonists? Shakespeare usually wrote his comic dialogue in prose; his tragic scenes are always exalted blank verse, the language far removed from ordinary speech, radiant with imageries that transport us into the ethereal world of ideal vision. His comic people belong to that class which we succinctly call "the man in the street;" his tragic personages are kings and queens, nobles and courtiers, not of his own day, but of periods remote. They are only a little less ideal in nature and circumstance than the demi-gods and heroes of Æschylus and Sophocles. It was the same with Corneille and Racine. Molière might be realistic; though even he in his more serious and tragic comedies idealized not only characters and sentiments, but the very speech, and wrote such plays as the "Misanthrope" in alexandrines.

When Ibsen forsook the poetry of his early days, he changed all this completely. It was as if Shakespeare had translated "King Lear" and "Macbeth" into the terms of that terrible morality-play, "Resurrection," as we saw it staged at His Majesty's. Imagine the regality, the mystery, the poetry taken away, and a middle-class home, people like ourselves, anguish expressed in bald, brutal prose, poverty, disease, hereditary vice, the doctor, the police-court, substituted for the lofty figures of tragedy. Who could endure even Shakespearean tragedy brought thus into our actual lives? This is what Ibsen and those who accept his emancipation of tragedy have done. Tragedy has descended into our streets and houses; we sit and watch people, exactly like ourselves, suffering agonies that might be our own; we sit and suffer according to the sensibility of our nerves, rather than expand according to the strength lent to our imagination. The plain man feels this to be unendurable, and the plain man is right.

He is right again when he protests against realistic tragedy in fiction, since the novel can be as successful as the stage in driving home the sting of anguish. In the novel, it is our own everyday life that we see

mirrored; the characters are our very selves, the voices are our own, the thoughts and feelings belong to the tissue of our lives. And the novelist can go even further than the playwright in compelling us to realize the pangs of tragedy with intolerable force, for he is not restricted to what is said and done; he is at liberty to represent hidden and unspoken agony. Only as the instrument of moral awakening and social insurrection can such torture be justified: it has nothing whatever to do with art. Ibsen's prose dramas thrilled at first by dint of the novelty and illegality of their form; but they never give the unmixed satisfaction of perfect art. It is now becoming recognized that the true Ibsen was he of the poetic dramas, upon which he expended much less labor, but poured forth his genius into a suitable mould. I have cited only one of the numerous plays that Ibsen's example has called into being, Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice." No one is likely to deny that this is rather a pamphlet than a tragedy. Only a great indignation and a longing to help put things right could justify the harrowing realism of its pathos. Mr. Hardy has written but one novel entirely on this plan—"Jude the Obscure," though many of his shorter stories in "Wessex Tales" and "Life's Little Ironies" are constructed on the same obnoxious principle. Compare "Jude" with such a novel as "The Woodlanders" to see the difference between the painful and the tragic. The one has actuality, the other is true. To quote a crucial instance, what is the chief blot upon his great masterpiece, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles"? Surely the discordant actuality of the police-officers in the solemn theatre of Stonehenge, and that excruciating incident where the lover and the sister catch sight of the black flag above the gaol, signalling the execution of Tess. Great tragedy leaves us not thus, in a state of revolt and disgust, of criticism or questioning, but reconciled by our sense of a justice somewhere—perhaps in our hearts—inspired with a sense of human nature's greatness and capacity to endure. A sure touchstone of the tragedy that is not pure art is that it leaves us in rebellion, challenging gods and men, and only too anxious to dispute the very premises of the playwright's argument.

Ernest A. Baker.

The Academy.

MANNERS.

If it is manners that make men, there can be very few in these days. One is inclined to ask, do they also make women? We hope not, for, if they do, women must be even rarer still. If William of Wykeham came to judgment now, he would surely have to find a new class for humans; they could hardly be genus homo any more. Yet, if the truth must be told, we have an idea that William of Wykeham's text had no strict relevance at all to Lord Rosebery's theme when he was lecturing the boys of Guildford Grammar School so wholesomely the other day. Did not pious William really mean character by manners? There was a day when it would almost have been thought wicked to say that it was manners—in Lord Rosebery's sense—that made a man. The hollowness of manners as a guide to character used to be a favorite text; illustrated descriptions of polished paragons—the quintessence of elegance and formal courtesy—whose hearts were black. The innocent, indeed, starting through the

world was practically told to suspect a blackguard in every gentleman. Good manners were a disguise. We have very little of this now—even popular novelettes, we understand, are not now peopled with elegant villains. Naturally, for there is no elegance to be warned off. The deceitful heart is now wearing the mask of the hoyden and the romp, the hooligan and the street arab. A much more skilful disguise—for polish was never believed to be spontaneous, hardly natural, in Englishmen, and as something artificial it put people on their guard. But horse-play argues an untutored mind, so that in the young men and maidens of to-day you see just the simple (sometimes noble) savage, necessarily honest for want of sophistication. So they can deceive with much more success than their polished ancestors. It undoubtedly is the popular view that as we have sloughed off manner we have taken on honesty. One is asked to tolerate good-humoredly and even to admire the young things' high spirits as all so natural and simple. It may be natural and it may be simple, especially as simple is sometimes synonym for fool. But where is the consolation in a man being natural if he is naturally offensive? Why should we like a woman the more for being simple if she is simply vulgar? This apology for the casting off of good manners does not appeal to us at all. If a man or woman cannot be, or, at any rate, is not good inside as well as out, we would rather have him good outside than not good either way. Who would think of objecting to a lunatic that he had a sound body? Possibly an unsound body would correspond better with an unsound mind and so be simpler; but we never heard of anyone on that account preferring a deformed and hideous lunatic to a handsome one. We would be quite willing to take our chance of the mischief worked by Brummels and D'Orsays if we could get back the manners of their age; not that it was at all the high-water mark of manners. If the Hebro-American plutocracy of our day were to assume courtly manners, we would promptly become bull purchasers of moral stock. But we do not look for any immediate rise.

Lord Rosebery did not attempt a definition of manners. He would have been very silly if he had. He would have left the boys without any idea what manners were or what he meant by them. Every definition breaks down. If one says it is the expression of character, numerous examples spring up to refute us. If we say it is the bearing of a gentleman to a gentleman, one knows of many gentlemen who have bad manners; and we are bound to add, quite as many ladies. Moreover people of any class can have good manners. A king may have no manners; a slum child or a peasant may be a model. We all agree that the quintessence of ill-manners is pretence, especially the pretence of fineness. Yet spontaneity does not make good manners; the lower classes have always shown this, and to-day the higher classes are driving this truth home with energy. Neither will reality hold as a test, though often put forward. A rough-natured person could never achieve good manners by mere honesty. To cite the savage is a great mistake; primitive people are always conventional and ceremonial. So one takes refuge in saying that manners, like so many other things which we know and appreciate as facts, are felt, but cannot be explained. Good manners are the manners of a good man is very nearly what Aristotle would have said. It sounds a truism; it is not always true; yet you will not get much further than that, once you begin an-

alyzing and arguing. A "New Republic" on manners instead of religion would be very diverting, if Mr. Mallock or another Mr. Mallock could do it for us. The key no doubt would be found in history rather than in philosophy. In our, the European, conception of manners there is obviously much of knighthood, and that is bound up with Christianity. The ideal character and his bearing to his brothers and sisters, especially those less fortunate than himself, is, we should say, at the bottom of the Western conception of good manners. But those who know the East tell us no Westerner has any manners; indeed can hardly know what manners are. The manners of the Oriental we must admire and leave alone; we cannot change our skin. After all, our Western feudal conception is a great one. We have had good manners. Can we not get them back? Old world courtesy," "old world dignity," "the grand manner"—all these phrases show that we are conscious that we have left these things behind; but with regret. It is only a few after all who rejoice in their gracelessness. The aristocratic lady who sits with both elbows on the table, knife and fork in either hand pointing to the ceiling (we write of what we have seen), would not admire that attitude in her little daughter, and would at heart prefer the habit of her formal ancestress on the wall. The board-school girl, who shrieks in groups and doubles up with laughter, is a nuisance to passers-by, and "cheeks" her employer, has no manners not from love of bad manners, but because she has never seen good manners either at home or at school or anywhere.

Could we not have a Manners Club and try to regain some of our lost estate? Make it a social distinction to belong to the Club and we should soon be mending our manners. But how shall we start it? Where are we to find the well-mannered men and women?

The Saturday Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Three new volumes have been added to the charming "Tudor Shakespeare" which Macmillan & Co., are publishing. The Second Part of Henry the Sixth is edited by Professor Charles H. Barnwell of the University of Alabama and has for frontispiece a picture of the tower of London. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, is edited by George Pierce Baker, A. B., Professor of Dramatic Literature in Harvard University, and is illustrated with a photogravure of John P. Kemble as Hamlet. The Sonnets, to which is added A Lover's Complaint, are edited by Raymond M. Alden, Ph.D., Professor of English in the University of Illinois, and have a portrait of the Earl of Southhampton for frontispiece. Each volume has a critical and analytical Introduction, Notes, a list of Textual Variants and a Glossary.

Elizabeth Wallace's "Mark Twain and the Happy Island" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is a delightfuly sunny and interesting record of a personal acqaintance with Mark Twain in the later years of his life, when he spent many happy days in Bermuda, opening his heart freely to all with whom he came in contact and especially to children, and diffusing an atmosphere of mirth everywhere. The book is charmingly written, from the first chapter, which describes Mr. Clemens's

arrival on the island and his cheerful jesting with young Margaret, to the last, which gives some of his letters, and records his death. Altogether, such a record as this is better than formal biography, both because it is more manageable, and because it is more intimate in its disclosure of the real Mark Twain, as his friends knew and loved him. Thirty or more illustrations from photographs deepen the personal impression of the book.

The seven chapters in which Edward Sandford Martin discusses "The Unrest of Women" (D. Appleton & Co.) are written in so cheerful and courteous a temper, and evince so keen an appreciation of present-day political, industrial and social conditions that readers who differ most widely from the author's conclusions can hardly be offended by the manner in which he states them. From his point of view, the unrest of women is part of a general unrest, extending over most of the world, and manifesting itself in many different ways. "There is unrest among women," he writes, "because there is unrest in the air they breathe, but, naturally, it takes its own special forms," the most conspicuous of which is the aspiration for the suffrage. Mr. Martin does not believe that this aspiration is a wise one, nor that its gratification would work out the best results for women or for society. He is so old-fashioned as to hold that the natural destiny of women is to marry and have children and raise them, that this is the same now that it always has been and always will be, and that for this, primarily, girls should be trained; and he looks with misgiving upon any social theory or industrial compulsion which makes against this. He reviews in some detail and in a whimsical humor "The Disquiet of Miss Thomas," "The Agitation of Mrs. Belmont," "The Admirable Miss Addams," the modern demand for "Self-Supporting Wives," and the revolt against the "dual standard" voiced by Miss Milholland and others, and urges in conclusion that the only force equal to so huge a task as the straightening out of the tangles in our affairs,—the unrest among women as well as other forms of unrest—is "the spirit of Christ, working through individuals, and shaping and inspiring our politics." Religion, he insists, is the great agent in pacifying human life and making people content to live it, the only force that can make men wise enough to be men, and women patient enough to be women.

"What can Literature Do for Me," is the title of a book by C. Alphonso Smith, Poe professor of English in the University of Virginia. It gives in a popular form the substance of what are undoubtedly some of the author's lectures to undergraduates. In fact it seems intended not for the confirmed lovers and readers of great literature but for practical open-minded people who are seeking to know and to be convinced of the uses of books. Considered as such, the book should be valuable, for it tells definite things which literature does for the individual and illustrates its arguments by numerous examples, thus giving the reader a foretaste of the treasures he may discover for himself. Most of the references are to the familiar household poets of America and to the greater English poets and novelists. According to Professor Smith, we should read not for æsthetic enjoyment so much as to build up our moral natures and to acquire a broader outlook which may make us more sympathetic and useful. This book will reach people who would never give time or thought to the ordinary accepted form of literary criticism, and it deserves a large circulation. Doubleday, Page & Co.